

THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

Vol. 141

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EPISODES OF THE MONTH

THE EDITOR

WHO IS TO LEAD?

HON. JOHN GRIGG

ON REVISITING AMERICA

JULES MENKEN

DRAWINGS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY

MICHAEL JAFFÉ

SPOKEN AND WRITTEN

ERIC GILLETT

MOTORING PROSPECTS FOR 1954

EARL OF CARDIGAN

AND OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS BY EDWARD HYAMS,
RICHARD BAILEY, JOHN GARRETT, CHRISTOPHER LLOYD,
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IN the past month no significant progress has been made in the diplomatic struggle which has taken the place of actual fighting in Korea. If anything, the Communists have gained some tactical advantage, because they are now in a position to exploit the differences which have appeared in the Allied camp. It will be quite an achievement if the political conference is ever held, and almost a miracle if it leads to any fruitful result.

Meanwhile the West has scored two important successes in the Cold War at large. The decisive victory of Dr. Adenauer and his Christian Democrats has removed many doubts as to Western Germany's attitude towards the free nations. And in the Isle of Man the British T.U.C. has defeated by large majorities motions inspired by the Communists, or showing clear traces of Communist influence.

Ex-Prisoners-of-War from Korea

EARLY reports about the extent of Communist indoctrination of British prisoners-of-war in Korea have proved somewhat exaggerated, as sober observers believed would be the case. A thorough survey of the men who have returned shows that they may be divided roughly into four groups. The first group comprises officers and senior N.C.O.'s—about an eighth of the total—who remained completely unaffected by Communist propaganda. The Communists segregated these men in order to deprive their juniors and subordinates of their experience, leadership and guidance. The second group comprises some two-thirds of all junior N.C.O.'s and soldiers, who were virtually unaffected by Communist attempts at indoctrination. The great majority of the remaining third of junior N.C.O.'s and soldiers form the next group ; these men absorbed sufficient indoctrination to be described as Communist sympathizers ; but they will probably respond to the influence of normal home life, and can be expected in due course once more to become healthy members of the body politic. The last group alone comprises the very small minority who were seriously affected. Before they enlisted these men had Communist leanings and, in some cases, Communist affiliations ; after officers and senior N.C.O.'s had been segregated, the Communists appealed to

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the sense of self-importance of this group by making its members the leaders of British prisoner-of-war camps ; on their return home the Communists will obviously exploit them, with their own more or less active participation according to individual capacity and interest.

Disturbing Figure

SINCE British prisoners-of-war in Korea totalled about 900 in all, these proportions mean, in very round figures, that those affected in greater or lesser degree by Communist propaganda and indoctrination numbered about 250 men. Though not as bad as alarmist reports at first suggested, this total is shockingly large. The very small minority of actual Communists among them is not surprising ; besides a handful of true believers (some very young, many very ignorant, all highly gullible) who find promise of the kingdom of heaven upon earth in the glowing colours of the Communist mirage, all societies contain misfits, malcontents and individuals suffering from some personal grievance or maladjustment, who are everywhere the normal subjects of Communist propaganda. That such men should have rotted morally in the circumstances of Korean imprisonment is natural ; what is disturbing is that so many ordinary British soldiers should also have proved so susceptible to Communist contagion.

Campaigning Season in Indo-China

WITH the end of the monsoon rains, large-scale operations in Indo-China again become possible, and both sides are clearly preparing for a renewed and critical struggle. For a long time past Peking has been supporting Ho Chi Minh with arms and supplies in substantial quantities, as well as with technical advisers and training facilities for Viet Minh cadres at bases in Southern China. Now for the first time the Chinese Communists are sending heavy weapons and equipment, including 105 mm. howitzers and bulldozers to repair supply roads damaged or destroyed by Allied bombing. The Viet Minh strategic position contains many favourable elements. They include substantial regular formations, guerrilla forces estimated at 50,000 in the Red River delta, firm control over most of Northern Tongking, which provides a Communist base contiguous to the Chinese frontier, command over areas which expose both Laos and Central Vietnam to infiltration and attack, and further sizeable guerrilla forces in Cambodia. On the Allied side military strength has also increased. Vietnam forces are now large, their training has made good progress, and they are well armed with American *materiel*. In addition, the supreme command has changed, and in General Navarre the French have sent to Indo-China a keen and energetic officer who rejects a defensive strategy which locks up troops in isolated positions, and who has been reorganizing and regrouping his forces so as to be able to go over to the positive strategy which alone can bring victory.

Political Problems

LIKE all Communist organizations, the Viet Minh has won many of its political successes by terror, as its treatment of opposing or pro-French elements in areas for a time in Viet Minh hands amply proves. Its real appeal, at least in earlier days, has come from its claim to represent Vietnamese nationalism and will to independence. This technique of political confusion embodies the strategy worked out by Moscow (its supreme protagonist was Stalin), supported by numerous agents trained in subversion in special Soviet schools like the so-called University of Toilers of the East, and applied for more than three decades in colonial and dependent territories all over the world. So long as France withheld political independence from the Associated States of Indo-China, the Viet Minh claim had some apparent substance and drew gullible Vietnamese nationalists to the Communist cause. With the French declaration last July that Paris will transfer to the three Associated States (Cambodia, Laos and Vietnam) such powers still in French hands as are needed to complete their independence, the last remnants of the Viet Minh claim to represent Indo-Chinese nationalism have been torn to tatters.

The internal political situation nevertheless remains unsatisfactory. Bao Dai is now in France to negotiate the terms on which Vietnam's independence within the French Union can be achieved ; but in Vietnam itself much opposition exists, if not to Bao Dai himself, at least to Nguyen Van Tam, his Premier. Laos for many reasons presents few difficulties ; but the fierce and unrealistic Cambodian desire to drop all ties with France actually led its Prime Minister to declare last month that Cambodia will abandon the fight against the Viet Minh if only the Communists will leave the country in peace. This declaration was later disavowed, or said to be a ruse to show that Cambodia must struggle on because of Communist intransigence ; but there is no doubt that the Prime Minister's words expressed a deep popular aspiration, if not a settled policy.

Do the Communists Want Peace ?

WITH this complex political situation inside Indo-China, as well as many favourable military factors, the Viet Minh have good reasons for wanting to continue the struggle. At the beginning of September, indeed, the Viet Minh authorities announced their resolve "to wipe out still more enemy effectives and inflict still heavier defeats on the enemy," while Ho Chi Minh stated that "peace can only be achieved through . . . victory." Nor is it at all clear that either Peking or Moscow has any real desire for peace in Indo-China. The flow of arms which support the Viet Minh comes not only from Communist China, but also from Soviet factories and from the great Skoda munitions works—to-day perhaps as important in the Soviet military scheme as previously under Hitler. This flow must stop before the free world will believe that the Communists want fighting in Indo-China to cease. Meanwhile, the country's

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importance to the whole of the free world's position in this vital region has been underlined again by the decision of the United States National Security Council to recommend a large increase in American aid to Indo-China—a policy which there are reasons to think that the Senate Foreign Relations Committee may support. The essential facts are that Indo-China must be held at any foreseeable cost, that the burden on France must be eased both for the sake of the French domestic situation and in order to strengthen N.A.T.O., and that intensified Western military pressure is among the most important means of destroying Viet Minh prospects.

Dr. Adenauer's Triumph

THREE could be no denying the completeness of Dr. Adenauer's victory in the West German election on September 6 ; friend and foe alike were surprised by the massive support accorded to the Christian Democrats. It had been hoped that the Chancellor and his Party would be returned, but, with the recent experience of Signor de Gasperi in mind, many observers were cautious and some were frankly pessimistic.

The result proves not only that the majority of West Germans are satisfied with the present Government and that a great majority of them are prepared to play their part in a democratic system (more than 86 per cent. of the electorate voted) ; not only that the Federal Republic is wholeheartedly committed to the policy of Western solidarity and European integration ; but also—and perhaps even more strikingly—that Adenauer's Germany is now the most powerful democratic unit on the continent of Europe. In a memorable statement after the poll the Chancellor said that since 1933 the German nation had suffered more than any other, but that it had learned its lesson and had proved itself capable of passing judgment on great and grave issues. In the first half of that remark there is a hint of the self-pity so familiar and odious to Germany's victims ; but in the second half there is a nobility, wisdom and statesmanship which we are bound to recognize and applaud.

A New Spirit in Germany ?

IT is tempting to believe that there may at last be a new spirit in Germany ; that the lust to prevail by physical conquest may have given way to a more civilized spirit of peaceful emulation. If that is so, we shall indeed have cause to be thankful, except in the economic sphere ; though our markets may be in danger, our lives and homes will be freed from one persistent threat.

But it is too early yet to dismiss the German danger from our minds. Hopeful as are the present trends, sinister characteristics must still be latent in a people which so recently followed Hitler and carried out his bestial orders. Dr. Adenauer is giving a splendid lead, and for the

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moment extremism of both the Left and the Right is out of fashion. But fashions change and good leadership is not immortal or inevitable. Many years, even decades, must pass before Germany can be viewed with entire confidence by her neighbours. There must be time for the work which Adenauer and his like are now doing to be consolidated ; time for the vindictive instincts of a defeated nation to be absorbed into a healthier way of life. Meanwhile we must never relax our vigilance, and we must retain the necessary sanctions.

Helpful Suggestions

JUST before the election Dr. Adenauer put forward his own plan for the future security of Europe. The great merit of this is that it takes into account legitimate Russian fears, and is therefore in accord with Sir Winston Churchill's speech of May 11. The Chancellor proposes that the European Defence Community, if and when it comes into being, should be linked by treaty not only with N.A.T.O., but also with the Eastern *bloc*, and that the whole structure should then be subject to the United Nations. He also suggests that "the resources set free by a general control of armaments should be applied to the international exchange of goods and to raising the standard of living in all countries." If the Russians are not attracted by these ideas, their intentions must indeed be predatory.

Equally promising is Dr. Adenauer's new approach to France on the subject of the Saar. He is prepared, in effect, to waive Germany's claim to re-annex that territory and to campaign actively for its "Europeanization," if France on her side will allow free elections and lift the ban on German political parties. It is even thought that he would agree to the use of francs as currency in the Saar, pending the creation of a European currency. If French statesmen are as wise and conciliatory as Dr. Adenauer appears to be, a solution to the Saar problem may be in sight.

Unhelpful Comment

WHILE most people on this side of the Iron Curtain were rejoicing at the turn of events in Germany, Mr. Aneurin Bevan declared, in a speech at Birmingham on September 21, that the West German Socialists "were beaten by the enormous financial power of the magnates of the Ruhr, which would never have existed if we had insisted on public ownership of the Ruhr industries." It may well be true that nationalization of those industries would have reduced their financial power, but to suggest that a few business men could have engineered the Christian Democratic landslide is a monstrous travesty of the truth, and an insult to reason. Mr. Bevan's mind is so dominated by the Marxist conception of life that he can only explain the democratic defeat of Socialists in terms of a capitalist conspiracy.

Eighty-Fifth Congress

THE eighty-fifth Annual Congress of the T.U.C., which was held at Douglas in the Isle of Man, opened on September 7 and provided evidence that British trade unionism is, as its age implies, mature. It is still bedevilled by some of the rashness of its youth and by some of the dogmatic folly of its middle age, and it is still embarrassed by those of its progeny who have accepted an alien creed. But its heart is sound and, in spite of its sectional bias, it cannot resist the temptation to be patriotic.

Wage Restraint

IN his presidential address to the Congress, Mr. Tom O'Brien said : "If they (trade unions) take steps to increase wages, it is a virtual certainty that the increased cost will be passed along to the consumer by way of price increases ; and most of the consumers are wage-earners, a fact which is often overlooked." This would be platitudinous coming from an economist, but from a trade unionist it has almost the quality of revelation. Three days later a motion to abandon all wage restraint was defeated by a majority of nearly two to one. The originator of this motion was Mr. W. C. Stevens, Communist General Secretary of the Electrical Trade Union and organizer of a "guerrilla strike," which is now in suspense while a special court of inquiry, appointed by the Minister of Labour, is sitting.

Mr. Stevens appealed to his fellow-delegates not to "dabble any more in wage restraint," but to "prepare for the wage struggles ahead" ; and he informed them that the strike which he was then conducting was "the forerunner of the state of things to come." Mr. Arthur Deakin replied with his usual sound and fury—and with the huge card vote of his union.

"Go Slow" on Nationalization Approved

THE General Council's interim report on public ownership, with its emphasis on caution and consolidation, was endorsed by what at first appeared to be a disappointingly small majority ; but it was later disclosed that on this occasion the vote of Mr. Deakin's union had, through inadvertence, not been recorded. (Sir Vincent Tewson said that no reflection was cast on the scrutineers, but that it might be necessary to review the voting procedure.)

One critic of the General Council's report, alluding to its proposal that water supplies should be nationalized, said that it was attempting to fill the vacuum between Capitalism and Communism with water ; to which Mr. C. J. Geddes, who spoke for the General Council, wittily replied that it was better to fill a vacuum with water than with hot air. Even Mr. Geddes paid lip-service to the theory of public ownership ; the trade union movement, according to him, was "going forward on the path of Socialism, with no doubts about the need for further public owner-

GRAND PRIX DE MARGATE



"Of course Bevan's mount has the great merit of existence."

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ship . . . only some doubts from time to time about the method." But when a problem is approached empirically, doubts about method are all-important.

The Way Ahead

THE delegates gave their support to Sir Lincoln Evans, who had become a member of the new Iron and Steel Board at the invitation of the present Government. This was an important vote, because much more was at stake than the reputation of one man. If Sir Lincoln's action had been condemned by the T.U.C., a blow would have been struck at the principle that British trade unionism is first and foremost an industrial movement, and that it has no right to sacrifice the interests of its members to the interests of a political party.

Of course the connection between the trade unions and the Labour Party remains, and it is a troublesome anomaly in our national life. But too much attention should not be paid to outward forms. So long as our trade unionists are willing to accept the leadership of men like Sir Lincoln Evans, and to behave as he has done, the independence of British labour—in the broad sense—will be maintained. We trust that Mr. Jack Tanner, the new Chairman of the T.U.C., will prove worthy of his office, though his background in the A.E.U. is far from encouraging, and, above all, we hope that the T.U.C. will continue to move away from Socialism and out of politics.

Government Changes

EARLY in the month the Prime Minister made a few changes in his Government. Lord Leathers, Sir Arthur Salter and Brigadier Mackeson resigned ; the Ministry of Pensions was merged with the Ministry of National Insurance under Mr. Osbert Peake, and two Under-Secretaries were appointed to the new combined Ministry ; Lord Woolton was given the task of liquidating the Ministry of Materials, in addition to his duties as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster ; Mr. D. Heathcoat Amory was appointed to the new post of Minister of State at the Board of Trade ; and the Ministers of Agriculture, Food and Education were promoted to the Cabinet.

These changes were not as sweeping as had been expected, though they served to eliminate two of the "overlord" positions which had been created in 1951. Speculation as to the future is still very active, and the question of party leadership is discussed in our first article this month.

The Farmer's Fears

THE Minister of Agriculture gets an undeservedly rough handling from the Press. His elevation to the Cabinet should strengthen his hand at what promises to be a tricky time, as the farming industry enters

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a buyer's market, with the disappearance of controls, while the price guarantees of the Agriculture Act loom large and uncompromising.

The farmers themselves have not yet turned and rent him, though some of them are angry and apprehensive about the future. Their disgust has recently been voiced by the N.F.U. leader, Sir James Turner, and the occasion he chose was the announcement of the Government's refusal to institute a special price review after the recent wages award. We believe that here the Minister made an absolutely right decision, the justice and long-term good sense of which most farmers would recognize. The Minister argued publicly that falls in other prices, notably feeding stuffs, were offsetting the cost of extra wages. What he could not argue, though it is true and relevant, is that the perennial progression from wages award to increased prices must be halted somewhere ; and that the stand has now been made at a point where increased production and efficiency can easily offset the extra labour charge. Though this is not an argument which the N.F.U. leaders can accept, any more than the Minister can pursue it, in public, the decision has in fact strengthened the farmer's hand and promised better health to the industry by giving good grounds for saying " No " to a further increase in wages next year.

What Price Guarantees ?

WHEN this is said it still remains true that farmers have some reason to be anxious. The country has enough milk to make it certain that the Government will not interfere with the price to get more. The number of pigs has responded rapidly to the price stimulus ; there will soon be a glut of pork, and the price paid for bacon can no longer be justified on economic grounds. There is talk of wheat stocks piling up across the Atlantic, and of port storage filled to bursting over here. It is whispered on good authority that the hey-day is over except for beef, sheep and corn. The question is how the Government can maintain the guarantees of the Agriculture Act about markets and prices, while allowing free market forces to exert their healthy influence upon price and efficiency. Can these forces be allowed to work at all without causing an abrupt check to the expansion of agricultural production, the desirability of which must be measured by considerations of national defence and world trade ? If the Government find the right psychological approach, and production does not fall, can it still be enlarged in the right direction without a structure of price levels which may play into the hands of the " feather-bedders " and prove politically untenable ?

Scheme for Cereals

THE announcement of the scheme under which cereals will be sold off the farm next year provides hopeful answers to some of these questions. The farmer will sell in a free market. The timing and the preparation of produce for sale will have their reward. A guaranteed or " support " price will be managed through recourse to the principle

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of the pre-war Wheat Act ; and if the whole national crop changes hands at an average price which is less than the standard fixed by the Government, the individual farmer will draw a " deficiency " payment, based on the quantity he himself has sold or grown. He may have made his individual bargain at a price greater than the standard and greater than the national average. Then, provided the national average price is below the Government standard, he still draws a payment. " To him that hath, more shall be given "—a good principle! But in a year when the national average price comes up to or above the standard, no payment is made, even to the individual who may have had to sell below.

Quality Will Count

THE ingenuity of this device for combining a guaranteed price with the advantages of a free market needs little comment. The principle is sound. What farmers and the consuming public will both need to watch, from opposite angles, is the level at which the Government decides to pitch the " standard " price. Round this controversy will rage, but given the right attitude on both sides the instrument, like bank-rate, seems sufficiently delicate for the job.

The N.F.U., while giving a somewhat grudging acceptance to this scheme, has set its face against the application of the deficiency payment principle to fat-stock marketing, the next problem the Government must tackle. But in the national interest the Government must not allow farmers to sidestep the wholesome corollaries of the principles inherent in the cereal scheme. To produce high quality goods ought to be a paying proposition. Those who fail to do so should not be upheld by fancy prices, but make room for others who can. This insistence on quality, with the differentials in price which it can command, and which is already now apparent in the public's reaction to the free market in eggs, is just as much a step towards expansion in British agriculture as an indiscriminate increase in gross output would be. It is perhaps more useful, from the public's and the farmers' points of view, since high quality grain or stock show the best return off land or fodder, leaving most behind them and making less inroads on the national resources in proportion to their value. Farmers in the competitive pre-war conditions knew this, and it is a lesson which the younger among them may have to learn.

WHO IS TO LEAD?

By HON. JOHN GRIGG

THIS is the season of Party Conferences and political stock-taking, and Conservatives, as they turn their steps or their thoughts towards Margate, can at least be grateful that their Party is relatively united on questions of policy. While the Labour Party is torn between rival programmes, or between rival attitudes towards the discredited programme of Socialism, the Tory Party is not "by schisms rent asunder" nor even, to any marked extent, "by heresies distressed." There may be grumblings about taxation and rent and coal production; some earnest appeals that the *Industrial Charter* be "put into effect"; and an occasional impassioned cry, such as "GATT must go!" But the general atmosphere is one of harmony and mutual admiration. The Government's supporters are well content with what it is doing and proud to have been able to help in returning it to power.

But a Party requires men as well as measures. Policy is not enough. A good play calls for a good cast, and more especially for a good lead.

Since 1940 the Conservative Party has had the unusual advantage of being led by a man of genius. He is now an old man and his health, prodigious as it is, has recently shown signs of possible failure. For the world's sake as well as for his own we all hope that he will live for many years more and that he will continue to give effective guidance to that wider community of civilized nations which he has done so much to create. But there must clearly be a limit, and it may be a very strict limit, to Sir Winston Churchill's capacity to bear the enormous burden of the Premiership.

Perhaps he has already realized this himself; perhaps, indeed, he might already have taken the decision to resign, but for the unfortunate and inopportune illness of Mr. Anthony Eden. The latter's qualifications to succeed him are not undisputed, but they are very widely accepted. A reputation founded upon youthful glamour and the League of Nations cult has survived the extinction of the League and the maturing of Mr. Eden's personal appearance. His performance as Foreign Secretary, before, during and since the War, has been somewhat indiscriminately praised, and his pronouncements on home affairs have been none the less admired for being vague and infrequent. Unlike Churchill, he does not excel at set speeches, but he is a fine debater and in the House of Commons he has achieved mastery. It might fairly be said of him that he has a first-rate unoriginal mind, shrewd political judgment, and a gift for inspiring confidence. In other words there is reason to suppose that he would prove an adequate Prime Minister, if his health were equal to the strain, and there is no doubt that the public still regards him as Churchill's "heir apparent."

But will his health in fact be equal to the strain? That is the question which so many people are asking, and two diametrically opposite answers are being given by those competent to express an opinion. Some say that, in spite of his three operations, he will be able to return to active politics "as good as new"; others that he will never be able, after what he has gone through, to lead the abnormally strenuous life of a high-ranking Minister.



MR. ANTHONY EDEN.

But on one point both schools of thought agree; whatever his hopes and prospects, it is vital that he should give himself enough time to recuperate. If (as now seems likely) he comes back too soon, and if into the bargain he tries to resume his heavy political work, he will almost certainly collapse. Such work should not be attempted until he has fully recovered, and only if his convalescence is very gradual can his recovery be complete.

The Conservative Party has therefore to face another and larger question. If Sir Winston Churchill's health makes it necessary for him to resign, and if Mr. Eden is still not fit to take his place, who is then to lead the Party? Of course this is a hypothetical question, but the hypotheses are not so remote that the question can be ignored. So much harm has been done in the past by the ill-considered choice of leaders that it is surely best to discuss the matter openly beforehand, than to

leave it to the unaided discretion of a Parliamentary caucus, or to the secret machinations of "Whips and wire-pullers."

The most obvious claimant to the succession, in the contingency which I have mentioned, would be Mr. R. A. Butler, the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Since the present Government took office he has habitually presided over the Cabinet in the absence of the Prime Minister and Mr. Eden, and for several weeks, not to say months, this year he has been Prime Minister in all but name. He is a man of great ability and tireless industry, who has deserved much, and received nearly all, of the credit for the Government's economic policy, and who has a considerable following in the Party and in the country. But his platform oratory is as dull as Mr. Eden's, while he has none of Mr. Eden's charm and skill as a Parliamentarian. There is, in fact, a certain coldness about him which it is hard to analyse or define. Whatever the reason for this, it is a temperamental defect most undesirable in a leader. But it should not be held to disqualify Mr. Butler if in other ways he is thought to be suitable.

Does his record suggest that he will be the man to initiate policy and to uphold the principles of Conservatism in foul weather as well as in fair? That is the only valid test. There is all the difference in the world between a good leader and a good lieutenant; the latter's responsibility is limited, the former's unlimited. So far, it must be admitted, Mr. Butler has shown equal efficiency in carrying out the disastrous policy of appeasement (when he succeeded the present Lord Salisbury as Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office in 1938) and in implementing wiser policy under Sir Winston Churchill. Does this mean that he is unable to distinguish between good and bad

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policy; that his talent is for executive work rather than for leadership? It may be that he has "grown" during the last decade or so, and that his important share in the Munich business should now be forgotten. But it is also possible that he may be, by nature, too responsive to the pressure of circumstance and of other minds, and for that reason unfitted to exercise the highest functions of power.

Who else is in the running? Mr. Harold Macmillan, to whom the Government owes its most spectacular triumph, must obviously be considered. As Minister of Housing he has built a remarkably large number of houses, and if in the process he has shown some reluctance to tackle the problems of rent restriction and housing subsidies, he cannot be too severely blamed. He has established beyond any doubt his credentials as an administrator, and he is also a Conservative intellectual who before the War perceived the need to reconcile private enterprise and State supervision, and put forward his own ideas in a closely argued book. He is a much better speaker, on the whole, than Eden or Butler, and his wit is at times brilliant; but his manner and (to be candid) his appearance are somehow less up-to-date than his views. His health, too, is uncertain.

Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, the Home Secretary, is another "dark horse." He is one of the hardest workers in public life and he has shown courage as well as ability in his present office. Though a lawyer, he is almost universally liked, and his wife is a well-known and popular figure in the Party, of which she is a Vice-Chairman. The shadow of Munich lies across Sir David's career as across Mr. Butler's, but it is easier to excuse a back-bencher who supports a mistaken policy, than a Minister who carries it



MR. R. A. BUTLER.

out. Great Britain's experience of Scottish Prime Ministers has not been very happy, but Sir David Maxwell Fyfe might one day redress the balance in favour of the Northern Kingdom.

Have all the possibilities now been exhausted, or could anyone else be found to play the part of a leader in the immediate aftermath of Churchill? Reference has already been made to Lord Salisbury, and his claims should not be overlooked, though he himself would be the last to press them. He is the embodiment of a tradition which only demagogues and their dupes can fail to respect; and, what is more, his own record as a statesman is excellent. He has always had principles, and he has always been ready to act upon them. If Churchill and Eden were out of the picture, no one would be better able than he to represent Britain abroad with authority. In home politics his Conservatism would be marked by an unfailing instinct for necessary reform. He has great natural

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LORD SALISBURY.

Portrait study by Baron.

eloquence and persuasiveness, and he is never pompous.

These are qualities indeed, but there are two drawbacks; his health and his hereditary status. He is definitely not robust, and this accounts for his regrettable inability to appear on platforms throughout the country and make himself better known to the people. But it should not be assumed that he would crack under the strain of leadership; he would reserve himself for those duties which seemed to him vital, and it should be remembered that he comes of a family which has often combined chronic ill-health with extreme longevity.

More serious is the constitutional argument that a modern Prime Minister cannot belong to the House of Lords. Opinions may differ as to the origin of this theory, but it is hard to resist the conclusion that it was invented in 1923 as a polite reason for excluding Lord Curzon from the Premiership. If, as is probable, the real

reasons for his exclusion were personal, it is most unfortunate that a constitutional precedent should thereby have been created. It may be preferable, as a general rule, that the Prime Minister should be in the Commons, but the supreme requirement is that the best man should be found for the job. If he happens to be a peer, he will be none the less answerable to Parliament; the Opposition is already well represented in the Upper House, and would perhaps be better represented still if that House were reformed, as Lord Salisbury for one thinks it should be. A Prime Minister in the Lords would not escape the criticism and cross-questioning which membership of Parliament entails, though he might be spared some of the inconveniences and distractions which are peculiar to the Lower House. Cowardly politicians may shrink from an experiment which would at once be assailed by Left-wing extremists and advocates of Single-Chamber government; but the public mind is often misread, and the public interest needlessly betrayed, by cowardly politicians.

The object of this article has been to consider who might become leader of the Conservative Party in the event of Sir Winston Churchill's resignation and Mr. Eden's inability to succeed him. This is a matter of legitimate concern to all members of the Party, even to young members like the present writer. Two courses of action seem to be possible. Either it would be taken for granted that the next leader must be a member of the House of Commons, in which case Mr. R. A. Butler would almost certainly be chosen; or, if the issue were not prejudiced in that way, Lord Salisbury would be judged, and quite possibly preferred, on his merits. If he became leader, there would be more time to assess the relative merits of Mr. Butler and Sir David Maxwell

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Fyfe who, unlike Mr. Macmillan, are both significantly younger. (Lord Salisbury was born in 1893, Sir David Maxwell Fyfe in 1900, and Mr. Butler in 1902.) Of course the constitutional question would be settled if Sir Winston Churchill were to follow Disraeli's example and himself become a peer, while retaining the Premiership; and

it is conceivable that that might happen. But if it does not, and if the Party finds itself in the position I have described, it will be necessary to take a difficult and momentous decision. No harm can come of reflecting in advance what that decision should be.

JOHN GRIGG.

ON REVISITING AMERICA

By JULES MENKEN

IDLWILD, where transatlantic planes end their flight, lies on the flat southern shore of Long Island ; and many travellers receive their first impressions of the contemporary United States at the international airport and during the fifteen-mile drive to the skyscrapers and man-made canyons of New York. Space and abundance on the part of nature, energy and resource on the part of man—these are among the earliest impressions. Idlewild is huge, its 4,900 acres comprising an area as large as mid-town and downtown New York from 42nd Street to the southern tip at the Battery—or, in terms of London, the equivalent of a rectangle running from Park Lane to Temple Bar, and from the Thames to Ken Wood. By European standards the roads from Idlewild to New York are also outsize, beautifully surfaced, the traffic lanes clearly and continuously marked, a two-lane road near the airport broadening into a four-lane and a six-lane highway nearer the city. The breadth is essential, as are the frequent traffic lights and the over-passes, under-passes, tunnels, bridges, and other devices of modern traffic movement and control; for even at their broadest the roads are inadequate at peak hours for

the flood of cars, lorries and trailers which stream along them, and which emphasize even to the least observant that in American life to-day transport plays a part without parallel elsewhere in history.

Modern transportation and its endless social and economic consequences are indeed with the traveller wherever he goes throughout the United States. I do not merely mean that he himself is obviously concerned with his own problems of getting from place to place. The impact goes far deeper. Even in the East, where by American standards everything is relatively compact, he soon becomes accustomed to moving about over long distances. In Virginia, for example, I was often driven more than thirty miles merely to dine out or when with my host on some errand to a neighbouring town: and from New York, in order to see a man not otherwise available, I once flew to the Adirondacks in the morning and back the same afternoon—a round trip of more than 500 miles, which, however, no one seemed to find specially remarkable. In the South, the Middle West, and the Far West the distances travelled without second thoughts are much greater.

Nor is the movement of things less

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tremendous. Three constantly recurring sights bring its volume and variety sharply home—the huge aluminium trailers, as large as many British railway goods-waggons, which powerful tractors pull along the roads at fifty miles an hour and more; the dispersal of railway freight cars (*anglice*, goods-waggons) all over the country as evidenced by the owning companies' names (so that, for example, cars belonging to eastern, southern, and mid-western lines are found on the Pacific coast, and vice versa in all possible combinations); and the prodigious length of goods-trains hauled by immense multiple-unit diesel-electric locomotives. I recall one striking instance from southern California. I was crossing the Mohave Desert, westbound for Los Angeles; it was just after dawn, and the mountains framing the southern horizon were transfigured by an exquisite mauve light. Suddenly an east-bound goods train travelling at high speed roared past my window, completely blocking the view. I counted more than sixty waggons before I gave up. The goods train passed; and as I gazed at the mountains again—as beautiful as before, but in a different light—I found myself asking for what reasons such tonnages of highly diverse things were hauled over such great distances, and wondering what must be the margins in an economy which could shoulder the heavy costs obviously involved.

The answers go deep into American life. The size of the country makes abundant and efficient transport essential in order to bind its many regions together and maintain national unity. Widely distributed natural resources must be carried in great volume to manufacturing, processing, or assembling centres, and then spread again throughout the land in usable quantities and forms. These varied and far-flung tasks could not, however, be performed

at a tolerable cost if a constantly enlarging and deepening technological grasp and a vigorous and free-flowing effort in all economic fields did not steadily increase the country's material wealth; while the very growth of industry and wealth itself creates further demands and uses for transportation. With rising material standards and improved transport facilities, the cities in turn have overflowed into the surrounding countryside, creating suburbs, dormitory and satellite towns, and more remote residential areas whose very existence is possible only because those who live in them can have most of what they consume brought to local centres, and because bread-winners can travel with extraordinary ease to their places of work. With appropriate changes, similar forces are at work among country-dwellers. And in addition to these basic economic uses and needs, a powerful urge to movement comes from the general sociability of the people and the deep-rooted, nationwide, and all but universal dislike of loneliness. Elaborate and effective means of transportation, then, not only reflect and satisfy massive physical requirements and economic needs, but also express a scale of values in which high store is set on the ability to move easily and to meet face to face.

Excellent transport facilities smooth the path of the traveller who wishes to see a lot of the United States in a short time. In one tour of seven weeks and three days I managed to journey about 10,000 miles, flying only about 1,500 miles of this total, and spending in all only some ten days (say 240 hours) in actual travelling. Every visitor to the United States must have his list of the country's natural beauties. My own includes the green squares of Concord and Lexington, their emerald brilliance under lush spring grass heightened by

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the white churches and houses that surround them ; the vast expanse of New York and neighbouring New Jersey from the observation floors of the Empire State Building; Washington when the Japanese cherry trees are in blossom; the Shenandoah Valley from a gap in the Blue Ridge Mountains, its fertile abundance softened by a touch of pearly haze; the rolling corn-lands of Iowa; the far, clear horizons of Texas; the sunset glow which turns snowy slopes blood-red, and gives the Sangre de Cristo mountains near Santa Fe their name; the campus at Berkeley, California, one of the most magnificent university settings in the world; the rich and comfortable Oregon countryside around the pleasant town of Eugene; and the wooded lakes and the magnificent sweep of Puget Sound on which Seattle stands.

But these beauties, lovely as they are, do not rank among the great sights. Of those that I have seen, the Grand Canyon of Arizona is easily first, in form, colour, and ever-changing variety defying description, in grandeur and majesty unsurpassed and unchallengeable. Three others are mountains and their surroundings—the steep eastern face of the Rockies near Denver and the vast expanse of the great plains that spread out from its foot; the snowy peak of Mount Shasta, its grace and splendour visible for miles around and lovely from all approaches; and Mount Rainier from the dry eastern slopes beyond the Cascades, its massive snow-covered bulk and noble contour dominating the lesser peaks that are its neighbours. Yet another is the Yosemite Valley, with its sheer granite walls, their contours shaped in remote ages and smoothed by giant glaciers, its lovely water-falls, turbulent river, flower-studded slopes, green morainal meadows, and stands of incense cedar and ponderosa pine. The Valley is the

jewel of the Yosemite National Park, an area larger than the East Riding of Yorkshire, wild, varied, and carefully preserved, with many of its natural beauties still in their primæval virginal state, untouched by the despoiling hand of man.

Supreme among those beauties are three groves of Giant Sequoias, the largest of trees—the largest, indeed, of living things—whose size, colour, and proportions combine in a perfection which is sublime, and whose age, in mature examples, fills the spectator with awe. In the Yosemite the Mariposa is justly the most famous grove; and in the Mariposa Grove the tree known as the Grizzly Giant is the most ancient. Ring-counts of logged specimens establish that the Grizzly Giant is at least 3,200 years old. The age of other Giant Sequoias is as great, or greater.

I saw this noble tree one afternoon in June. Its immense size dwarfed everything around it. Against its mammoth bole a man was reduced to the proportions of an insect. Not many years previously my companion had seen the storm during which lightning had blasted its summit; but the Grizzly Giant was not only still living, but in the full thriving splendour of its strength. In imagination I tried to retrace the ages which spanned its life. When the Greeks were storming Troy from the thousand ships which Helen's beauty launched and in China the ancient Chou dynasty was founded whose later time of troubles produced the wisdom of Confucius, this tree had already lived for a quarter of a millennium. When Christ trod the stony hill-sides of Palestine, the Grizzly Giant had known more years than all the centuries of Rome from the founding of the city upon its seven hills to the deposition of the last emperor of the Western Empire. All of English history from the landing of the Jutes in Kent until

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the present day covered less than half this one tree's span of life. In terms of its years the whole story of modern man, with its storms, troubles, glorious achievement, and overhanging menace, was little more than a watch in the night. And there the great tree still stood, the immense weight of its foliage borne lightly aloft by its massive trunk, the bright green of its leaves contrasting and harmonizing with its ruddy bark, now burnished and resplendent in the sloping rays of the late afternoon sun. Far above the forest floor a few squirrels scampered in its topmost branches. All else was still. The strength and tranquillity of the Grizzly Giant refreshed the spirit. I sat before this beauty and wonder and gazed, silent, and in reverence.

To enjoy the great natural sights of the United States—to say nothing of other sights, such as the Grand Coulee Dam or the incomparable view of San Francisco Bay at dusk from the top of the Mark Hopkins Hotel, which are man-made or man-influenced—was no idle interlude even in a tour primarily political in character. One must travel far in order to see these things; and only travel which takes the visitor to the four corners of the land can give him proper understanding of the country's ethos. Indeed, it is possible to go farther and say that no one who remains only on the Eastern seaboard can truly fathom the American spirit; even travel within the triangle New York-Washington-Chicago (where I had journeyed previously) is not enough; one must go west of the Mississippi—and preferably as far as the Pacific Coast—in order to approach such understanding. The size and diversity of the country are among the fundamental facts of American life; while as fundamental are both the strength of regional interests and of local differences, and the overriding sense of unity on all matters

which touch the life of the nation as a whole or affect its position in a dangerous world. Nor are the natural beauties of the United States a minor element in the national ethos; Americans are very conscious of them, cherish them with deep and tender affection, and will swiftly unite to defend them (and much else) against external threat with a passion compounded of love and of pride.

Politically, a remarkable growth in national strength seemed to me to be one of the outstanding characteristics of the United States in 1953. The strength results largely from greater social consolidation and deepening political maturity. The social consolidation is apparent on every side—in what may properly be called a new ruling or governing class highly professional in outlook; in the lessening of minority differences and the advancing incorporation of the children and grandchildren of the great immigrant groups of earlier decades into contemporary American life; in the vastly improved position of the Negroes. To assess growth in political maturity is a delicate matter; and certainly Americans commented to me not infrequently on a political immaturity which they deplored. On the whole, I thought that they judged too harshly. Man as a political animal is not notable for freedom from temporary and often hurtful passions, nor has any polity so far devised successfully resisted all the warping pressures which skilfully directed selfish interests can bring to bear. That there are still weaknesses in American political life is undeniable; the striking lack of men who possess authority not only because of what they say, but by virtue of what they are, is not least among them. Nor, so far as concerns actual policy and its current formulation, is the present Washington scene in all respects reassuring.

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But such things must be seen in perspective. The fundamental and essential fact is that the United States possesses to-day a strength and a maturity which are unprecedented in its history. As fundamental is the fact that, among the men without whose active consent no major policy can long be pursued, American strength is paralleled by a deep and outward-looking sense of

responsibility, and that, among all classes, there is a complete absence of any will to war or conquest, a deep and passionate desire for peace.

JULES MENKEN.

N.B. Denys Smith, who has been on holiday in England, will resume his regular articles for us next month.—EDITOR.

DRAWINGS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY

By MICHAEL JAFFÉ

IN the past there have been Presidents of the Royal Academy who have themselves been enthusiastic and discriminating collectors of drawings. After the emphatic example of their first President, these men recognized in this active way that they were as Academicians heirs of a rich artistic tradition, and they sought according to their measure to be enlarged by their inheritance. As artists and as connoisseurs they quickened their eyes, and gave vitality to their judgment by the study of drawings, and by such pleasurable exercise of the civilized art of conversation with them, as only their constant company can afford. The current Exhibition at Burlington House,* nearly 500 drawings, including masterpieces from all European schools, would indeed have been notably the poorer without the marvellous drawings which have descended from the collections of Reynolds himself, and of Sir Thomas Lawrence. In the Diploma Galleries now hang also fine drawings

from the collections of Benjamin West, P.R.A., and of Sir Edward Poynter, P.R.A., and from the singularly choice collection formed by two more recent Academicians, Charles Ricketts and Charles Shannon, which belongs now to the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge.

This year Sir Gerald Kelly has wisely entrusted the selection of the drawings and the preparation of a catalogue, which is both admirably informative and cautiously suggestive, to those well fitted for the task, Dr. K. T. Parker and Mr. J. Byam Shaw. Their knowledge of English collections and eye for the best have served him and the fortunate public splendidly, despite certain notable restrictions on their choosing. Since both Leonardo and Holbein have been shown as draughtsmen almost in their entirety at the Royal Academy, and about two-fifths of all Michelangelo's graphic work at the British Museum—and, certainly the most consequential two-fifths—during the past three years, the representation of these three great artists has been kept numerically slight in comparison with that of lesser men.

* Exhibition of Old Master Drawings at the Royal Academy, Burlington House; open until Sunday, October 25. (Numbers in brackets refer to the official catalogue.)



GARDEN SCENE.

By Sir P. P. Rubens.

Secondly, since an Exhibition of 18th century Drawings is promised by Sir Gerald Kelly for the winter of 1954-55, an inadequate account of the best draughtsmanship of that century of drawing for drawing's sake is given by the present exhibition. The outstanding exception to this is the group of drawings by G. B. Tiepolo, which includes those superb ones formerly in the possession of Prince Alexis Orloff. It is the English School which has suffered from the second restriction, although there is no finer Downman than *Thomas Williams, a Negro Sailor* (No. 477) and *Titania's Dream* (No. 472) is an outstanding Fuseli. Gainsborough, for example, who fared badly in his lifetime at the hands of the Academy, scarcely does better now; and worthier drawings by Rowlandson and by Towne could surely have been

found. However, it is particularly satisfactory to find both Reynolds (Nos. 452 and 454) and Lawrence (Nos. 475 and 485) represented as draughtsmen as well as collectors of drawings.

The English tradition of collecting being what it has largely been until this century, the emphasis of this exhibition, and its chief glory, lies in the Italian Schools. As so often at Burlington House, the visitor has fresh occasion to be grateful that the Academy is indeed Royal, and that Her Majesty is so generous a lender. The studies of heads from the collection at Windsor, by Lorenzo di Credi (No. 8), Domenico Ghirlandaio (No. 29), Benozzo Gozzoli (No. 27), and Filippino Lippi (No. 11) are four impressive examples of that exacting art of drawing with metal point on paper prepared with a fair coloured ground, which

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FOREST SCENE.

By Gillis van Coninxloo.

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flourished in Quattrocento Florence. Their exquisite effect is set off justly by the bolder appeal of Andrea del Sarto's *Head of a Youth* (No. 51) from Locko Park, and of Sodoma's *Head of a Man* (No. 45) and Verrocchio's *Head of a Woman* (No. 42) from Christ Church, Oxford. Whoever looks without affection at the heavy solemnity of the huge altar-pieces by Fra Bartolomeo in Palazzo Pitti may be surprised and delighted by the brilliance of his lively little pen sketches to be seen here (Nos. 24, 26 and 50). However, even for those lucky enough to have seen the Exhibition of Italian Drawings at the Royal Academy in 1930, the revelation of the exhibition may be the group of seventeen drawings, mostly Venetian, that belonged to the 18th century collector, John Skippe, which have been lent by Mrs. Rayner Wood. Rembrandt and Claude became early an essential part of the English vision; and of the matchless array of their work still in England, an excellent selection has been made. Dr. Parker and Mr. Shaw are especially to be congratulated on having brought together so many of what are really hard to find outside Western Europe and the U.S., good German drawings.

Not least because many artists since the Renaissance have collected drawings, though few on the princely scale of Lely or Lawrence, the visitor to Burlington House may find revealing affinities and contrasts, either fortuitous or historical, between draughtsmen, schools and periods, to point his pleasure. The tough technique and stance of Signorelli's *Study of a Young Man* (No. 28) may take his eye. Almost opposite hangs Pordenone's sketch for *The Death of S. Peter Martyr* (No. 112), no less tough, but tense with suggested movement which makes the stance of Signorelli's youth immobile, his bold assertion rhetoric. The speed with

which Rubens penned down his thought for *Venus and Adonis* (No. 282) and the resulting violence of form stirs thoughts of Picasso. With Picasso in mind, some may turn to review another element in his enormous grasp of styles in drawing, the figure studies in pen and ink by Guercino (Nos. 137, 144 and 161) and their sensational contrasts of open line work and intensive hook-stroke hatching.

While Picasso is the most vigorous artist since Rubens in assimilation and recreation of powers from many sources in a new and potent idiom, two at least of the sources from which Rubens himself drew are evident in this exhibition. Annibale Carracci's *Nude Man Seated* (No. 131) and Lodovico Carracci's *Man Hauling at a Rope* (No. 153) are refreshments from life of academic poses. In scale and rhythm, the treatment of Rubens' *Man Striking with a Sword* (No. 276), and indeed of Van Dyck's *Studies of the Right Arm and Hand of a Man* (No. 273), done when still markedly under his influence, reflect such studies. The *Tree Study* (No. 117) of Barocci, another artist whose work Rubens knew in Rome, is a thing of consummate grace. Its technique and conception may be recognized in Rubens' own *Garden Scene* (No. 270, **Plate I**), with a firmer touch, and an atmosphere no longer loose, but exactly located. This sense of locality was to be the particular strength of Constable. Two hundred years later he, the greatest admirer of Rubens' evocation of landscape, made his own magnificent pencil study of a tree (No. 481). Precisely realized, yet noble in sentiment, it is loving of the fact, a fulfilment of what is implicit in such a drawing as the *Garden Scene*. The extreme contrast to this landscape tradition is made by another drawing of trees in the exhibition, the *Forest Scene* (No. 205, **Plate II**) by Gillis

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van Coninxloo. Marvellously accomplished, it delights with exquisitely calculated effect. The medium is Indian ink and body colour brushed over a dark grey preparation. The result is a play of velvet tones. Fat fronds of leaves, twisted trunks, bold and decorative, magical illuminations in the glades, unknown travellers and a castle of romantic aspect, combine in a pattern rich and strange. The immediacy of keen air which is in the Rubens and the Constable drawings make this set piece of fancy gasp for breath. There is nothing in nature to touch its special beauty; and it is touched only at some infinite remove by nature.

A more closely linked chain of tribute can be followed: Watteau's *Study of a Horse* (No. 386) after Van

Dyck's equestrian portrait of Francisco de Moncada and Van Dyck's own *Forepart and Head of a Horse* (No. 271) in which as a young man he shows his debt to Rubens. But, towards the end of a visit, one may well abandon this kind of looking to return to masterpieces which exist only in and for themselves, undisturbed by considerations of relevance of period or place. For the present writer four such memorable ones are Rembrandt's *Study of a Woman as Cleopatra* (No. 305), Watteau's *Study of a Man holding Two Bottles* (No. 394), Claude's *River in Flood* (No. 378), and Tiepolo's *Gates of a Villa* (No. 199). Each visitor will find his own.

MICHAEL JAFFÉ.

MELONS AND CUCUMBERS

By EDWARD HYAMS

THE history of those economic plants whose social, gastronomic or mercantile importance is great, is not difficult, although it may be laborious, to establish. The names of such plants or of their fruits necessarily occur frequently even in the earliest literature, or representations of them are to be found in inscriptions even before the time of alphabetic writing. Clearly, even their absence from early inscriptions or paintings is significant: for example, the great rarity of plant motifs from Cro-Magnon art (I can think of only one, doubtful, example) suggests what other evidence confirms, that the peoples in question were pre-agricultural. Where a society is known to have been agrarian, representations of their food plants appear in their earliest inscriptions, and in some cases, for example, the Tiahuanaco cultures,

are worked into the shape of domestic as well as ritual furniture.

But when the plant in which we are interested can never have been of major importance in the economy of a community, the case is different. The strawberry, it is true, although it is such a plant, is well documented: it happens to have begun to interest gardeners at a time when botany was an important science and when printing was beginning and books multiplying. But its case is exceptional. The grape, which was the second subject of this series, belongs in the class of economically important plants, owing to the religious and social importance of wine.

But the melon is precisely one of those garden fruits the possession of which is a luxury, and where, as in parts of southern Russia, it has been important in the diet of the people as

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a staple, the people in question have been relatively backward and their records scarce. In some parts of Persia, at one time, melons were of such importance that they were classified, with meat, bread and cheese, in the official price tariffs for staples. These melons were excessively sweet and were used as a source of sugar. Water melons and bread formed the staple diet of some south steppe-dwelling Russians well into the nineteenth century. But the fact remains that in those countries where records and books were and are numerous, the melons have never been important, have always been a luxury, and do not figure largely in the literature. Consequently it is impossible to establish their history with any thoroughness and difficult to do more than to link, by speculation, the few useful references to this fruit in the classical, Oriental and European literatures of gardening and travelling.

The European history must be very sketchy, and from it I shall try to work backwards to the probable origin of the melons. In our own time, and well back into the seventeenth century, two species of the genus have been grown widely all over the western culture countries, *Cucumis melo*, the sugar melons, including the cantaloupes and honeydew kinds, and *Cucumis citrullus*, that is, water melons, larger, less sweet, without the delicious scent, but with more juice. In the Mediterranean climates they have been cultivated in the open, in the north under glass. But not, perhaps, always, for it is possible to trace references to melons back, in both Britain and France, to a period in the history of gardening when glass was not available to the gardener. Holinshead refers to melons as one of the garden fruits of Henry VII's time. It is possible, although unlikely, that the fruit was introduced to Britain by the Romans. If so it probably had to be

reintroduced in the fifteenth century from France, and the French would have had it either from Provence or from Italy. The *Völkerwanderung* conditions between the fall of the Roman Empire and the rise of ordered national cultures, would have been fatal to this delicate annual.

For historical purposes we are bound to consider the cucumbers together with the melons, for the further back we go in time, the more difficult it becomes to distinguish them. The earliest of all English gardening books, at least the earliest devoted to fruits and vegetables, is Richard Gardiner's, published in 1599, and it contains references to cucumbers, but not to melons. The reintroduction of the melon may therefore have occurred late in the sixteenth or early in the seventeenth century, and Holinshead may be mistaken.

The arrival of the water melon in European gardens is relatively late and easily traced. In parts of Italy this fruit is called *anguria*, and Victor Heyn, the great comparative philologist, traced the origin of this word to its Byzantine source. *Angurions* appeared in Byzantine gardens and markets c. A.D. 900. Now the word, says Heyn, is Persian-Aramaic. It is a safe rule that when a people borrow a foreign name for a fruit, it is because they had that fruit from the same source as the name for it, first as an article of commerce, later as a garden introduction. The *angurion* of the Byzantines was a kind of large cucumber which was eaten raw for its copious and refreshing juice, which was slightly sweet: in short, a water melon, although perhaps a proto-species, or rather variety, nearer to the cucumber than our own water melons. It is possible to follow the trace of this fruit beyond the Persian-Aramaic stage, for the Persians also called it *hindevâne*, which is to say, "Indian fruit." In short, they had it from India, to which

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MELONS AND CUCUMBERS

country, in certain parts, several *Cucumis*, and related genera, are native.

The two modern peoples who were anciently in closest touch with Byzantium were the Italians and the emerging Russians. In Russian the word *angurion* became *ogurka*, which is also cucumber, *ogurka* becomes *ogorek* in Polish and, in German, *gurke*; in English, perhaps borrowed from Dutch, *gurkin*. The fruit seems to have shrunk with its name, but as it is impossible to draw a line between primitive water melons and cucumbers, this may be due to the diffusion of a name over a whole group of plants, rather than to the degeneration of the fruit, which Heyn, no botanist, suggested.

In the early Middle Ages references to the sugar or honey melons, that is to *C. melo*, as distinct from *C. citrullus*, were confined to rare travellers' tales of the Near East. The melons of Balkh were noticed by Marco Polo for their superior quality and sweetness. They were the "best in the world." Probably they were a source of sugar, by boiling down; certainly they were made into sweetmeats by the drying of the pulp in the sun.

Going back into Roman times, we find that the sugar melons were unknown to the early Romans but suddenly appear, rather late in Imperial times, either by reason of the improvements in communications and commerce, or for another reason, suggested by Pliny. He says that in Campania an ordinary cucumber plant miraculously produced not cucumbers, but a sweet, aromatic, yellow fruit which he compares to the quince. The Greek for quince is *mēlon*. This story was dismissed by nineteenth-century scholars, ignorant of botany and genetics, as nonsense, and they preferred to trace the origin of melons to a supposed wild plant in Sogdiana or Bactria.* But we

know of no such species nor do we know that, at that time, whatever may have been the case later, melons were cultivated in those parts: it is just as possible that they spread east from a western source, as west from an eastern one, and all that Pliny described was a rather startling, but not impossible mutation. Among other attributes of the famous Campanian *melo* was that of separating itself from the plant when fully ripe: so do cantaloupes.

It is, however, possible that some such mutation of cucumber occurred at a much remoter time, and not in cultivation, although it is a fact that series of mutations are sometimes provoked by the handling of plants and their shifting to new environments. But if the melon is a recent product of gardening, what is the origin of the rind-markings? These, in many varieties, very strongly suggest an under-growth creeper endeavouring to hide its fruit by emulating the pattern of sunlight through leaves, until the fruit was ripe, when the change of colour would reveal it and the delicious scent attract such honey-loving animals as bears and men, who would open the gourd and release the seed. Such attributes are developed only during millions of generations of wild living. But, of course, wild cucumbers might have had such markings as modern melons, and these may have been retained in cultivation by some such accident as being genetically linked to desirable attributes, such as size or sweetness.

But it is not necessary to take it that Pliny's "sport" was the origin of honey melons, nor to assume the existence of a wild species subsequently cultivated. These melons appear in history late in Imperial times; but about eight hundred years before then there are references among the Greeks to a fruit called *pepones*. The word

* Cf. Decandolle, *Géographie Botanique*.

pepon is not originally a substantive, but an adjective; it meant *ripe*, and if we follow its use as a noun back, we find it associated with *sikyon*, according to Heyn. *Sikyon* is cucumber, hence *sikyon pepon* is ripe cucumber. Now cucumbers and their kind were either eaten raw but immature, or cooked, never ripe. Ripe cucumber may, therefore, be a cucumber which one normally eats ripe, and possibly, therefore, some kind of melon. *Pepones* were described as being sweet and juicy. If they were cultivated, selected, for these attributes they would, in the normal course of artificial selection, enhance them. In short, the eight centuries which intervene between *pepones* and melons, eight centuries of high civilization and skilled horticulture, are enough to account for the improvement of *pepones* into melons. And to account also for the production of numerous varieties.

In that case, where do *pepones*, as a point of departure, lead us?

They lead us to cucumbers and to pumpkins, but to no earlier melons; the complete absence of any references or even hint of melons (with one doubtful exception; see below) before the emergence of *pepones* about the fourth century B.C., suggests very strongly indeed that the melon did appear as a mutation of cucumber, but as a much more probable one than Pliny's, since the *sikyon pepon* was clearly not very different from a cucumber, its melon attributes present, but undeveloped. All this is speculation, but within permitted limits.

The earliest clear references to edible gourds are unquestionably to pumpkins, but possibly only because the fruit is spectacular and even rather absurd, which would attract the attention of writers. Matronius called the pumpkin "Son of earth," that is, by reference to Homer, Titanic. Earlier writers would have noticed the same quality of size.

There are two references to the fruit in Homer, which would bring us to the eighth century B.C. were it not for the fact that both references are in the *Iliad* in passages which scholars have suspected of being late insertions. There are no references to any kind of gourd fruit in Hesiod. But the Hesiodic town of Mékoné was later re-founded as Sikyon, that is, "cucumber-town," and Heyn suggests that cucumbers were therefore introduced from Asia after Hesiod's time and were widely cultivated about Sikyon. It is certainly an ingenious suggestion. The *Kolokyntha* of the later Greeks was certainly pumpkin, for it is described as edible only if cooked, and in any case the root of the name is the same as our *colossal*. The Greeks also called this fruit *Indiké*, the Indian fruit, which links it with water melons as of Indian origin. We have already seen that this is likely enough on botanical grounds.

We can get back beyond the Greek sources by turning to Hebrew ones. From these it is clear that cucumber was a favourite among the ancient Egyptians.* But in the same Scriptural reference melons are also mentioned, and if this is not, as I believe, a translator's error or interpolation, then the argument put forward above is void. Clearly if the Egyptians had melons, then everyone after them could have had them, and almost certainly would have done so. In that case, why were cucumbers widely known and mentioned, but not melons? There is an interesting philological difficulty: although *mēlon* meant quince in Greek, it also meant many other fruits when associated with a place-name. The fruit which the Israelites, in the desert, may have regretted, was probably quince, not melon. But about cucumber there is no such ambiguity.

Northern Egypt being within Breas-

* Numbers XI, 5.

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ted's "fertile crescent," and many kinds of gourds being native to sub-tropical and tropical Africa and India, the domestication of the cucumber and the pumpkin could easily have occurred either in Egypt itself, at a remote date, or in Mesopotamia, from which country the Egyptians would have had it by way of Syria, the route followed by the Vine. Or there is a third alternative, very speculative, but of special interest. We cannot say that the linguistic attribution of gourd fruits to India is not of a much more ancient origin than appears. The Persians and the Greeks both called gourds Indian fruits. They may possibly have done so not because the fruits came to them directly from India, but because the Egyptians, or the peoples of ancient Mesopotamia, had them from India and called them by some name which referred to this fact. This is mere guesswork, but it is a fact that *Cucumis L.* is a genus native to

India, that there are also species of *Lagenaria*, *Trichosanthes* and perhaps others in northern India, and that the high civilization of the Indus Valley, centring on the capitals of Harappa and Mohenjo-Daro, had commercial relations with the Mesopotamian city states, or some of them, c. 2500 B.C. The Indus Valley peoples exported cotton to Mesopotamia. They may have exported other things, and from them the Mesopotamians may possibly have had seeds of new fruits. It is by no means necessary to assume that this was the case. Cucumbers, pumpkins and melons may just as well have originated in Africa or Asia Minor, or Central Asia, as in India. But it is certainly not impossible that the Indian fruit came from India to the Mediterranean very much earlier than anyone has supposed.

EDWARD HYAMS.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

FROM *The National Review*, October, 1903, "Episodes of the Month."

In 1896, Mr. Chamberlain, who had won the General Election for the Liberal Party on his "unauthorized programme," and before whom at that moment the highest political possibilities were opening, resigned his seat, and threw up the reversion to the Liberal leadership rather than become a party to Mr. Gladstone's policy of national disintegration. We should, therefore, not be surprised that the same statesman in 1903, when at the very pinnacle of his fame, should with equal deliberation elect to leave the Unionist Government rather than consent to the sacrifice of

that great policy of Imperial reconstruction upon which he had set his heart, and which has already captivated all the alert and progressive minds throughout the British Empire. Mr. Chamberlain's wisdom in opposing Home Rule has already been abundantly vindicated, and to-day we see the whilom advocates of that disastrous proposal competing with one another in repudiating it. Nor is there any dispute as to the effect of his antagonism. He was the principal factor in bringing home to the British democracy the danger of creating a Transvaal at our doors. When we recall this auspicious precedent, we may feel the utmost confidence as to his success in his new venture. In less than half the time which it took to shatter the separat-

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ist movement, the retiring Colonial Secretary will have succeeded in converting the constituencies, and will be returned at the head of a great Imperial Party with a mandate to carry out the big policy which has frightened his colleagues. Masters of finesse occasionally score fleeting successes, but in the long run nations turn to statesmen of courage, character, and convictions. The British people will not prove unworthy of the great Englishman who has staked his all in a cause in which he has nothing to gain.

The rupture between Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Balfour took the form of an exchange of letters, which clearly explain the position of the former, though it must be admitted there is some ambiguity at present as to the attitude of the Premier. . . . Writing from Birmingham on September 9, "in anticipation of the important Cabinet which is to meet on Monday," i.e., September 16, the Colonial Secretary briefly recapitulated the course of events since he and Mr. Balfour had, the one addressing a deputation on the Corn Tax, and the other in speaking to his constituents at Birmingham, "called attention to the changes which had taken place in our commercial position during the last fifty years, and suggested an inquiry into the subject." Neither of them intended to provoke a purely party controversy. They had raised "a question of the greatest national and imperial importance in the hope that it would be discussed with a certain impartiality by both friends and opponents." This desire, however, was not shared by the Liberal leaders, who from the first had scouted the suggestion "that a system which was generally accepted in 1846 could possibly require any modification in 1903," and the whole resources of the Opposition organizations had been concentrated against the attempt to re-examine our fiscal policy. . . .

The Government of a democratic country cannot ignore public opinion, and as a democratic statesman Mr. Chamberlain recognizes that "as an

immediate and practical policy, the question of preference to the Colonies cannot be pressed with any hope of success at the present time, although there is a very strong feeling in favour of the other branch of fiscal reform which would give a fuller discretion to the Government in negotiating with foreign countries for freer exchange of commodities, and would enable our representatives to retaliate if no concession were made to our just claims for greater reciprocity." Mr. Chamberlain believed that Mr. Balfour shared "these views," i.e., in favour of pressing Retaliation, and consequently the Premier would be "absolutely justified in adopting them as the policy of your Government, although it will necessarily involve some changes in its constitution." His own position was, however, different. As Secretary of State for the Colonies during the last eight years he had been in a special sense the representative of the policy of closer union, "which I firmly believe is equally necessary in the interests of the Colonies and of ourselves, and I believe that it is possible to-day—and may be impossible to-morrow—to make arrangements for such a union. I have had unexampled opportunities of watching the trend of events and of appreciating the feelings of our kinsmen beyond the seas." He would, therefore, be justly blamed if he remained in office as a consenting party to the exclusion "from my political programme of so important a part of it." He felt, therefore, that with absolute loyalty to the general policy of Mr. Balfour's Government, and with no fear of embarrassing it, he could best promote the cause he had at heart from outside, and he could not but hope that "in a perfectly independent position my arguments may be received with less prejudice than would attach to those of a Party leader. . . ."

Mr. Chamberlain indeed had nothing to gain, and he gained nothing—except the admiration of posterity.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD

SPOKEN AND WRITTEN *

By ERIC GILLETT

"We had talk enough, but no conversation; there was nothing discussed" seems to have summed up Dr. Johnson's idea of the merits and demerits of social intercourse. I do not think that he would have approved of an Anthology of Talk though he might have been willing to compile a Collection of Conversations for his obliging friend, Mr. Dilly of the Poultry. I feel that the Doctor would have regarded Professor James Sutherland's *Oxford Book of English Talk* with profound suspicion. He would certainly have been displeased to find himself reported so scantily. The famous meeting with Wilkes and a frivol with Fanny Burney do less than justice to the most majestic of talkers, and that is all we hear of him.

All good anthologies have been the result of a firm central idea in the mind of the compiler. Professor Sutherland, drawing more freely upon authentic and semi-authentic sources than upon imaginary ones, believes that his book is the first to record at length how Englishmen and Englishwomen have actually spoken from late mediæval times down to the present day. He adds that although he believes that dialects are outside the scope of a book of this kind, he has not omitted them altogether. In fact he has used them very sparingly. Drawing upon biographies and autobiographies, histories and memoirs, diaries, letters and other sources, supplemented by extracts from novels and plays and broadcasts, he offers an entertaining compendium of conversation and talk covering over

five hundred years of English life. It is one man's choice and it would not be difficult to compile dozens of books at least as representative as this one. This is not a criticism of Professor Sutherland. It only expresses my belief that no individual could do justice to so vast a subject within so small a compass, and his task must have been infinitely more difficult than Arthur Quiller-Couch's was when he launched the famous series with his *Oxford Book of English Verse*. Talk is a sprawling, indeterminate province. It may be a short clash, or a satisfying exchange, or a long and wandering exploration. All these things can be admirable in their different ways, and there are examples of them here. I am far less happy about the inclusion of the monologues, factual accounts, treatises and sermonettes which the B.B.C. comprehensively labels as "Talks." If the Corporation had not used this title, I doubt if we should have found any examples of this broadcast product here. They belong to a genre which is the contemporary substitute for the essay. They have none of the flash and sparkle of good talk, and although Mrs. Lilian Balch's *Holiday at the Seaside* is a little classic of colloquial description, it is also, though on

* *The Oxford Book of English Talk*. Edited by James Sutherland. Geoffrey Cumberlege: O.U.P. 18s.

The Faber Book of Twentieth Century Verse. Edited by John Heath-Stubbs and David Wright. Faber and Faber. 12s. 6d.

The Modern Writer and His World. By G. S. Fraser. Derek Verschoyle. 16s.

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a very different plane, as much an essay as Charles Lamb's *Praise of Chimney Sweepers*, and it is significant that there is nothing of Elia's here. If Mrs. Balch is thought worthy to be printed here, why are there no examples of the aerial utterances of Sir Winston Churchill, Sir Max Beerbohm, or Mr. J. B. Priestley? This is a curious omission in a selection which includes "Talks" by an R.A.F. fighter pilot, Seaman J. Laskier, and the late John Hilton. I alluded earlier to the importance, I should perhaps have said the necessity, of a firm central idea in the anthologist's mind. Having once decided that he intended to print some specimens of the broadcaster's art, Professor Sutherland was committed to giving the best he could procure, and there is no doubt that he has not done so. It seems to me that he is not at home in the twentieth century. Among the novelists, Anthony Hope, William de Morgan, Rudyard Kipling, A. E. Coppard, and Henry Green are in. W. W. Jacobs and P. G. Wodehouse are among the many who have failed to qualify, and I looked in vain for the charming venom of "Saki."

There are some strange nineteenth century absentees, too, among them Oscar Wilde and Whistler who, though an American, used the language with clean precision. Mr. Verdant Green speaks for undergraduates. Tom Brown is not allowed a word for the schoolboy. It is always a delight to encounter Mrs. Poyser, but why, oh why, was there no room for Miss Matty or for Peacock's scintillating eccentrics? Or, coming down the years, for the wit and wisdom of George Meredith's people? And ought not Mr. Jorrocks and Sam Weller to have shown themselves in these pages?

It is easy to be captious in reviewing a book like this when one is looking for expected friends, but it is hard to under-

stand why an extract from a Parliamentary Debate, after Munich, should be given, when there is no record of the speech of Disraeli, Gladstone, and other statesmen of the past. Professor Sutherland is at his happiest when he is selecting pieces from the court cases of the past, though, oddly enough, he quotes none from the present century.

I have been alternatively fascinated and irritated by the *Oxford Book of English Talk*. I have no doubt that I shall return to it often because of the many good things in it, but nothing will shake my conviction that it could and should have been a better and more representative collection.

There have been numerous anthologies of contemporary verse, among them the *Faber Book of Modern Verse*, edited by the late Michael Roberts in 1936. I do not know a better selection than the *Faber Book of Twentieth Century Verse*, compiled by two poets, John Heath-Stubbs and David Wright. Complementary to the earlier book it includes poems by writers who also appear in it, but they are different poems. The new anthology has outstanding merits, and Mr. Heath-Stubbs's introduction is most sensible and enlightening. He is right in supposing that it is easier now to survey the verse of this half-century than it would have been a dozen years ago. To-day one can see the very varied styles and preoccupations, which have at different times prevailed among the poets, as each contributing to the expression or the common imaginative experience of the age.

The book's purpose is to give a broad general survey. It is not concerned with an examination of "trends" and "influences." For this reason Swinburne, Meredith, and Gerard Manley Hopkins are omitted, along with Lionel Johnson and Francis Thompson. John Davidson, "who

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seems to look more to the future," contributes one poem. Arthur Symons, a typical 'nineties poet, is well represented because he continued to write good verse down to the 'twenties, though his style never altered or developed like that of his friend, W. B. Yeats. The editors take Hardy, Doughty, Blunt, Kipling and Bridges as poets who represent most clearly the passage of the English tradition from the nineteenth to the twentieth century. American poets are omitted, with the exception of Ezra Pound, as the editors feel, and I believe rightly, that his residence and influence in England coincided with a critical time in the development of our verse, and it would have been wrong to exclude him. A place has been found for Anglo-Irish, Anglo-Scots, and Anglo-Welsh poets, as well as certain poets, born in the Dominions, who have made their homes in this country.

Mr. Heath-Stubbs does well to point out that the book has not been compiled from previous anthologies, and how much it has benefited from this policy can be found from a cursory perusal. There is a freshness, a liveliness about it that confirms in almost every line that the editors have gone to the poets' own works and taken their selections directly from them. Often enough the editors have fought each other over poets who owe their inclusion to the insistence of one editor only, in the teeth of protests from his collaborator.

The editors have noted the changing lights of the poetical scene over fifty years. The contrast between Innocence and Experience, the one dominated by the image of a garden, the other by a city, informed English poetry until the 'thirties. In the following decade both poets and critics affirmed the value of being "contemporary," of expressing the common experience and

the sensibility of the age. Immediate political and social problems were their preoccupation, and it is "by virtue of its moral indignation that such of this poetry as is still memorable survives." The twentieth century threatens to submerge the human personality under an avalanche of social, political, and economic trends, and as poets invariably work against the sensibility of their age, it is inevitable that the best poets have increasingly laid the most stress on the theme of personal relationships:

For it is against the survival of personal and human values that the odds, in our mass-civilization, have been laid. But these pressures have driven the poets to the rediscovery of emotional, mythopoëic, and ultimately, of religious modes of response to the world. The religious preoccupations of so many twentieth century poets would probably have surprised their grandparents. This religious preoccupation has not infrequently formulated itself in specifically Christian terms, whose relation to the diverse streams of classical Christian tradition, both Catholic and Protestant, becomes increasingly apparent. But the dangers of prematurely importing theological categories into literary criticism should be obvious, and there is possibly no criterion, strictly internal to a poem, which can enable us to define with certainty the quality of belief implied by its metaphors.

This is well said, and one might add that the prevalence of a religious element in much contemporary verse is due to a desire to find something to hold on to during a period of radical change and unexampled violence, when science by the tremendous speed and scope of its inventions can bring help or terror to the ends of the earth.

The contents of the *Faber Book of Twentieth Century Verse* are blessedly comprehensive. I believe that it will come as a revelation to many poetry

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lovers who have avoided all "modern" poets with the exception of W. B. Yeats and Mr. de la Mare. I am interested and very much surprised by several omissions. It seems extraordinary that Hilaire Belloc cannot be found here, and that there are no extracts from Mr. Martyn Skinner's brilliant *Letters to Malaya*. Sir Osbert Sitwell, Mr. Clifford Bax and Miss Sackville-West have not found a place. They ought to be here. "The easiest way to criticize any anthology," says Mr. Heath-Stubbs, "is to examine it, and then to castigate its compilers on the score of the poems which they have not included." I have never felt less inclination to criticize the editors of an anthology than I do now. Mr. Heath-Stubbs and Mr. Wright have faced a most formidable task with pluck and resolution. They have made admirable discoveries in the work of the older poets as well as in that of notable young writers. *The Faber Book of Twentieth Century Verse* adorns its period.

In tackling *The Modern Writer and His World*, Mr. G. S. Fraser had to deal with problems even more daunting than those which confronted Mr. Heath-Stubbs and Mr. Wright, and he, too, comes out of his ordeal with very great credit. The genesis of this book must be mentioned if it is to be put in its right perspective. Mr. Fraser does not figure among the poets in the *Faber Book*, though his exclusion must have caused at least one of the compilers a headache. He is a Scot, an able translator from the French, a sound reviewer, and a lecturer who has performed with distinction as far afield as South America and Japan, where he succeeded Mr. Edmund Blunden in 1950 as a lecturer to teachers and students who had been cut off from recent English writing by the war. In its first version this book was written as a guide to modern English literature for the Jap-

anese. Now, it has been revised for the "plain man and his needs," and he, or she, ought to find it genuinely helpful and stimulating. Having attempted something not altogether dissimilar myself I feel strong sympathy for Mr. Fraser in having to cope with the mass of writing and the innumerable books which must be read before a work of this kind can be begun. I do not agree altogether with the line he has taken but it is difficult to speak too highly of the insight he shows and of the excellent chapters on poetry and the trends of criticism. Where I differ from him is in the literary forms he has chosen to illustrate the direction contemporary literature is taking. Beginning with the "Background of Ideas," Mr. Fraser surveys in turn the novel, drama, and poetry. He regards them as "the three main kinds of literature demanding consideration." It may be that he found it necessary to do this with his Japanese public in view. To my mind, English fiction during the last thirty years has been in the doldrums, while biography and autobiography, history, and books which for lack of a better term might be called "documentaries", have forced their way up into the limelight so clearly and inevitably that they must find a prominent place in any survey of this kind. This is my main criticism, and if it has substance, Mr. Fraser may have given the Japanese a lop-sided view of the English literary scene to-day. If he has done so, he has made generous amends in many other ways, and there are very few factual errors, though New College may be surprised to learn that John Galsworthy "had never been to a university to have, in Max Beerbohm's phrase, the nonsense (knocked out of him at school) put gently back again."

The appreciations of the novelists are, generally, discerning and pithy and immensely readable, though I cannot

SPOKEN AND WRITTEN

believe that anyone who had read *Clayhanger* could agree that "Bennett depicted minutely and exactly the hard surface detail of life, the appearance, behaviour, and speech of his Midlanders, the streets they walked in, the rooms they lived in, without suspecting that any mysteries might lie under that surface." Possibly *Clayhanger* was not available when Mr. Fraser was writing in Japan.

Few critics have written more perceptively about Kipling, Joyce, George Orwell, Mr. Evelyn Waugh, and Mr. Percy Wyndham Lewis, who has had too little attention paid him. The influence of Miss Dorothy Richardson upon subsequent writers of impressionistic fiction deserves more than a mere mention, and it is remarkable that Miss Rose Macaulay is omitted altogether.

Mr. Fraser makes an interesting comparison between the decade of the "nineteen-tens" and the present time. He calls the earlier period exciting. To-day is a time of diffused anxiety and general inhibition. It is true that the young and sensitive writer of to-day is inhibited not only by anxiety about the state of the world but by the practical difficulties of his own art. The great rise in the price of books, the difficulties a publisher has to contend with, the much greater risk there is in publishing a first novel or a book of poems now than there used to be in the first fourteen years of the century, are all obstacles which the young writer can only hope to surmount by outstanding talent or notoriety. It is hard, indeed, for the writer of slender or quiet accomplishment to find a publisher to-day. It is much more difficult than it used to be to find spare time for writing. These things are not necessarily altogether bad, as is the generally low level of literary taste.

In the days when literacy was much less common than it is to-day, there

were numerous pioneers who maintained that when the great majority of English people were able to read and write, the Golden Age would be appreciably nearer. The reverse has proved to be true. In former days there was an educated class which maintained a certain standard of scholarship and taste. To-day more nonsense is being printed for more people to read in book and periodical form than at any previous time in the world's history. It was, therefore, a pleasure to light upon the three books I have noticed. They are all civilized books, written and compiled by men of taste and sincerity.

ERIC GILLETT.

SOCIALISM PAYS DIVIDENDS

PUBLISH AND BE DAMNED. Hugh Cudlipp.
Andrew Dakers. 12s. 6d.

IT has been said that the words "FOUR AND A HALF MILLION PEOPLE BUY THE DAILY MIRROR" should be written up in letters four feet high across the front of the Ministry of Education building as an awful reminder to its occupants of the size of the task on which they are engaged. This may seem a somewhat extreme measure, but at least it emphasizes the fact that the *Daily Mirror* is not just another successful paper. It is the product of its age and its success is due to a correct appreciation by its producers of the prevailing social and moral conditions. The *Mirror* is what the people want a newspaper to be, and by the canon of commercial success it is the best British newspaper.

The *Daily Mirror* was started by Lord Northcliffe in 1903 as, of all things, a paper for gentlewomen. It quickly failed. The circulation fell from 265,217 for the first issue to under 100,000 for the seventh, and in three months had declined to 24,000. In January, 1904, Northcliffe purchased Arkas Sapt's invention of a method of printing pictures on high speed rotary presses. With this technical advantage over its rivals the *Mirror* launched out as a picture paper and circulation went up to 140,000. The first editor, Mrs. Mary

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Hawarth, was replaced by Hamilton Fyfe, who twenty years later was to take over the *Daily Herald* from George Lansbury. The *Mirror* was acquired by Lord Rothermere in 1914, by which time its daily sale was 1,210,354 copies. The *Sunday Pictorial*, which has been the *Mirror's* stable companion ever since, was started in March, 1915.

The changes in the *Mirror's* fortunes under Rothermere were largely financial. It featured in the various transactions by which the Rothermere holdings were built up during the 1920's. In the process Daily Mirror Newspapers Ltd. became rich and acquired overseas holdings such as the Anglo-Canadian Pulp and Paper Mills, which it still has. In 1931 Rothermere sold his *Daily Mirror* shares on the Stock Exchange. Politically the *Mirror* had had an undistinguished career up to this time. Hamilton Fyfe pledged general support for the Labour Party when he was in the chair; but in the 1920's the paper was anti-Socialist and supported Lord Rothermere's "Squandermania" campaign. In the early 1930's it was supporting the United Empire Party—"an organized onslaught upon the orthodox Conservative leaders". The Saint George's by-election, at which a United Empire candidate named Petter was put up against Duff Cooper, the official Conservative candidate, was the end of the road. From 1931, when Rothermere sold his shares, until 1944, the Chairman of the Company was John Cowley, who viewed changes in the paper's editorial policy "with hostility, or at best uneasiness". The editor from 1934 until 1944 (when he became Chairman) was H. G. Bartholomew, and it was he who changed the *Daily Mirror* from an undistinguished and failing picture paper into the enigmatic national institution it is to-day. Bartholomew joined the *Mirror* in 1904 on the eve of its conversion to a picture paper. In the words of the *New Statesman* he was "the first Englishman who really understood pictures and strips and realized that no-one reads more than a few hundred words on any subject."

The "Bart" Revolution was swift and complete. The news pages were trans-

ferred and "sledge-hammer headlines appeared on the front page in black type one inch deep, a signal that all could see of the excitements to come". Human interest in the form of sex and crime was at a premium. "MOTHER SLAYS BABE IN WOOD TO MAKE WAY FOR LOVER", "UMBRELLA IN COFFIN MEMENTO OF ROMANCE" are two examples of headlines of the kind that "occupied twice as much space as the story itself". At the same time "exposures" on such subjects as cruelty to children and service conditions were carried on.

The feature for which the *Mirror* is best known is the development of the comic strip. The adventures of Jane, Garth, Buck Ryan and a whole page-full of other characters are followed daily by millions of readers. It is interesting to learn that Jane first appeared in 1932—twenty-one years in the cast-off-clothing business. "Strips are now big business" and the *Mirror* characters step into real life from time to time. The Ruggles family canvassed real people in the 1950 election and put forward the Socialist case most effectively. The very great skill with which the Ruggles strip was used for Socialist propaganda is in marked contrast with the ham-handed efforts of the *Daily Herald* in this field. The *Mirror* strips are not to be lightly dismissed. "Reader identification" or escapism plays a big part in their success. As the patently innocuous sugar coating to the propaganda pill they are of immense importance in getting and holding readers.

The *Daily Mirror* specializes in sensation. The first occasion on which it attracted national attention in this way was in 1936, when it was the first British daily to publish the Abdication story. But it was the war-time conduct of the *Mirror* that really brought it national prominence and notoriety. The editorials of Richard Jennings, the "vitriolic" columns of Cassandra (W. N. Connor), and the cartoons of "Zec" were the means by which its ideas on the conduct of the war were put across. In a letter dated January 25, 1941, to Mr. Cecil H. King, the present Chairman of the *Mirror* Company, Sir

SOCIALISM PAYS DIVIDENDS

Winston Churchill wrote "Much the most effective way in which to conduct a Fifth Column movement at the present time would be the method followed by the *Daily Mirror* and the *Sunday Pictorial*. Lip service would no doubt be paid to the Prime Minister whose position at the moment may be difficult to undermine. A perfervid zeal for intensification of the war effort would be used as a cloak behind which to insult and discredit one Minister after another. Every grievance would be exploited to the full, especially those grievances which lead to class dissension. The Army system and discipline would be attacked. The unity between the Conservative and Labour Parties would be gnawed at. The attempt would be made persistently to represent the Government as feeble, unworthy and incompetent, and to spread a general sense of distrust in the whole system."

This letter produced protests of injured innocence from Mr. King—"it has come as a great shock to learn that you have been so distressed at the line these papers have been pursuing." Nevertheless Sir Winston's letter gives an accurate summary of the *Mirror's* policy. The following year saw the publication of the notorious "Zec" cartoon showing a torpedoed sailor adrift on a raft in an empty sea. The caption read "The Price of Petrol has been Raised by a Penny. (Official.)" The *Mirror* claimed that the cartoon was intended only to prevent wasteful use of petrol, but the inference that sailors were being asked to risk their lives to make increased profits for the oil companies was all too clear. The *Mirror* was warned under Regulation 20 that the continued publication of subversive material would result in its suppression. The Home Secretary responsible for this strong action was Mr. Herbert Morrison. From 1945 to 1951 he was to enjoy "a personal collaboration with Bartholomew" which enabled him to use the *Mirror* as a medium for the expression of his own views. This happy state of affairs ended with Bartholomew's resignation and the succession of Cecil H. King to the chairmanship.

The influence of the *Daily Mirror* in the

three post-war general elections has been considerable. In 1945 the "Vote for Him" campaign urging wives to vote for their soldier husbands by voting "the soldiers' way" was thought by McCallum and Readman (*The British General Election of 1945*) to "have won more votes for the Labour Party than any other journalistic enterprise." The *Daily Mirror* policy is summed up by the same authors as: "Find out what the people want and tell them they will never get it from the Tories." Mr. Cudlipp modestly suggests that "nothing said or done during the election by politicians or newspapers affected the nature of the result, only its landslide proportions." This view may be true enough but there is also the point that the *Mirror* campaign on behalf of Socialism began well before the election. Some would place its beginning as far back as 1938.

In the 1950 Election the *Mirror* was comparatively quiet. H. G. Nicholas (*The British Election of 1950*) believed that this very quietness made it "a most valuable publication" to the Labour Party. "Its appeal was to the a-political wage earner, the man (and especially the woman) reader who would weary easily of sustained political news or views, whom the Parties could not lure into meetings but had somehow, for victory, to lure to the ballot box. This is a great advantage for Labour. The zealots on both sides will always vote, and the *Daily Herald* briefs the shop stewards who work on non-political trade unionists. A paper of the Left, designed by people skilled in the techniques of advertising rather than journalism, reaching all those who never read "more than a few hundred words on anything," is a force to be reckoned with. The fact that the *Mirror's* political allegiance is worn so lightly gives it an immense advantage over the *Daily Herald*, condemned to pad flat-footedly along on Transport House briefs.

The 1951 Election is still fresh in the recollection of the electorate. It was the *Daily Mirror* which acted as the instigator and driving force of the Warmonger campaign. Eight months before the election when Mr. Attlee visited the U.S.A.,

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the question was put: "Whose finger do you want on the trigger when the world situation is so delicate?" The culmination of the campaign, in a crude front-page display on polling day, resulted in Sir Winston Churchill instituting libel proceedings.

The great *Daily Mirror* mystery—the question, Who owns the *Mirror*?—is shrugged aside in this book. The Press Commission in 1949 reported that there were over 9,000 ordinary shareholders and that not one of these exceeded 4 per cent. The *Daily Mirror* owns 25.3 per cent. of the *Sunday Pictorial*, and the latter owns 21.9 per cent. of the *Daily Mirror*. Mr. Cudlipp carries our knowledge further only to the extent of saying that there are now "10,300 Ordinary stockholders with the largest single holding apart from the *Pictorial's* standing at 3 per cent. of the issued Ordinary Capital". The mystery remains but it would appear that the ordinary shareholders have every reason to be satisfied with the return on their investment.

The *Daily Mirror* is not just another newspaper. It is the application of the arts of copywriting to journalism. Catch their attention, tell them what they want to know, keep it short and snappy, remember there's nothing like sex, crime does (in one sense) pay—these are the principles on which the paper is run. The politics of the *Daily Mirror* are Socialist because its approach is on a class basis and the current diagnosis is that this is the age of the Common Man. The *Mirror* may strike attitudes of political independence, but given the present class and wage structure of the populace it will be "a paper of the Left" for the simple reason that Socialism pays. So the slogan is "Forward with the People"; their pennies are as good as anybody else's, and there are more of them.

RICHARD BAILEY.

STILL ALIVE AT FIFTY-SEVEN

A SHROPSHIRE LAD by A. E. Housman. Harrap. 10s. 6d.

EVER since he published *A Shropshire Lad* in 1896, Housman has tantalized the literary pigeon-holers. Was he a

poet or only a composer of accomplished verses? Was his pessimism a pose, were his emotions faked, was his pastoral convention a sham? Did he dramatize himself, and if so did the process pay poetically? What forces provoked "the continuous excitement under which in the early months of 1895 I wrote the greater part of my other book"? Ezra Pound said that "he kept tears like dirty postcards in a drawer" and Edith Sitwell attributes the bareness of his line to a lack of vitality. In a philippic penned shortly after his death, Cyril Connolly charged Housman with banality, triteness of technique and a false and retrospective paganism. In a yelp of triumph he proclaims a debt to Heine. But in 1933, Housman had confessed that "the chief sources of which I am conscious are Shakespeare's songs, the Scottish border ballads and Heine." Mr. Connolly's attack provoked Mr. John Sparrow to spirited reply. "Late for the funeral, Mr. Connolly at least had the satisfaction of arriving in time to spit upon the grave before the mourners had departed." Such writing demonstrates the strength of feeling which Housman's verse seems destined to provoke.

And now there comes along, only seven years after the publication of a Jubilee edition in the United States, a clean, pleasing and newly garnished *Shropshire Lad*. The engravings of Agnes Miller Parker always give pleasure to the eye and sometimes stimulus to the imagination. Only rarely do they get in the way of an appreciation of the poem they aim to illustrate. Housman himself had an antipathy to illustrations. Writing to Grant Richards about some illustrations submitted by Lovat Fraser, of the drawing for "Loveliest of trees, the cherry now," he succinctly said: "What a cherry tree!" There is no reason to suppose that Miss Parker would have got off more lightly.

It is a tribute to the vitality of *A Shropshire Lad* that at fifty-seven he should warrant a handsome new edition and in his own right. Housman opposed in his life-time a collected edition of his work. But though the *Last Poems* are separated

STILL ALIVE AT FIFTY-SEVEN

from *A Shropshire Lad* by twenty-six years, there is nothing in spirit or technique so different as to justify a permanent separation. What are the qualities which account for the lasting appeal of Housman? He has himself spoken of "the narrow measure" of his verses, and the range of his themes is more or less limited to affection for the living, lament for the dead, the shortness and pain of life on this earth and the uncertainty of any other. But though

a stranger and afraid
In a world I never made,

to pessimism there has to be added his austere pride in frustration, his unfaltering spirit, and his ruthless refusal as an artist to compromise with his own vision of a creation without ultimate meaning. His immortality may lie in the paradox of an eye for nature as acute as Hardy's with a vision of the cruelty of life. He sees both the beauty and the cruelty against a meaningless eternity, and is anguished that "all human love and all natural loveliness must go with the blossoms into nothingness; he must endure the one when he can and enjoy the other as he may." The constituents contrast but do not jar. His very courage and honesty incite courage and honesty. His poetry does not depress as much as exalt, because of its stern stoicism. "I am Duchess of Malfi still . . ." Critics cavil at qualities which they would applaud in Marvell or Donne.

The Grave's a fine and private place
But none, I think, do there embrace.

As all our yesterdays have given birth only to a second half-century of anxiety, is there not much in Housman which is sympathetic to our times? In an age of air travel, poets as well as passengers must travel light. Housman's unadorned directness of appeal itself, his frugal, terse, epigrammatic style have an attraction for a stream-lined age which wants poetry without guts-burrowing and calculated obscurity. He is always lucid, economical with adjectives, unerring in

the selection of his verbs, and using every epithet always with accuracy and often with audacity. Nothing is superfluous. This very lack of decoration seems to intensify Housman's vision of man's natural state as being doomed to a grief from which he is tempted to escape by death. Creation becomes a joke so absolute that it would be a relief to invent a god to take the blame. Unlike Hardy, Housman did not even condescend to invent a god to argue with. "Whatever brute or blackguard made the world."

"What business," asked Tennyson, "has the public to know about Byron's wildnesses? He has given them fine work and they ought to be satisfied." But the public has an insatiable curiosity and a compelling note of interrogation hangs over Housman. His biographer tells us that "friendship had once meant for him a whole-hearted devotion which its objects were not always able to repay in kind." Did this intensely reticent scholar consciously adopt the pastoral convention so that he could feel free to express emotions which he preferred not to expose directly? Some of the poems published after his death would suggest this as a likely explanation. He paid a big price for this damming up of all emotional life. A passage in T. E. Lawrence's *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* runs: "There was my craving to be liked—so strong and nervous that never could I open myself friendly to another. The terror of failure in an effort so important made me shrink from trying." It is not surprising that Housman wrote in the margin, "This is me." In sensibility, ambition and attitude to publication of work, Housman had much in common with that other enigmatic and frustrated figure. His self-mortification was extended to his academic work, where a classical scholar, who was the equal of Porson and Bentley, condescended to attack in terms of bitterness paralleled only in Swift, German professors who beside him were mere minnows. He gave up Greek to specialize in Latin, and deliberately abandoned Propertius who wrote about love for Manilius who did not even deal with human beings. Housman's

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character will continue to excite speculation just as surely as his finest poetry will produce the symptoms of which he wrote in *The Name and Nature of Poetry*—the bristling of the skin, the precipitation of water to the eyes, the shiver down the spine. A re-reading of *A Shropshire Lad* has provoked them all.

JOHN GARRETT.

OLD GROGRAM

THE ANGRY ADMIRAL: the later career of Edward Vernon. C. H. Hartmann. Heinemann. 18s. 236 pp., illust.

NELSON always excepted, no admiral has had so many pubs named after him as Vernon, and no victory of such modest proportions as the bombardment of Portobello has been commemorated in the names of so many suburbs. To-day, as his new biographer complains, Vernon is chiefly known to the solvers of crossword puzzles as the originator of "grog," derived from his nickname "Old Grog-ram," which he earned by his habit of wearing a grogram cloak (or, as some say, breeches). Since the material was supposed to be waterproof, a boat cloak sounds the more likely. Even H.M.S. *Vernon*, the R.N. Torpedo School, does not commemorate the admiral, but only a bewhiskered 19th-century nonentity.

That the admiral himself was by no means a nonentity was first made plain by the late Sir Herbert Richmond, whose detailed but quite unreadable study of the period Mr. Hartmann has wisely taken as his guide. Vernon's tongue and his pen were sharper than his sword. He talked himself into the supreme command at the beginning of the War of Jenkins' Ear and he talked himself out of the service ten years later. It was vanity and loquacity which inspired his passion for publishing his official and private correspondence in pamphlet form. He also had the maddening habit of saying that he knew better than anyone else. He usually did, but the consequence was that he managed to

quarrel with an extraordinary number of people and that he was partly (though by no means chiefly) responsible for the most disastrous combined operation in history before the Dardanelles campaign. Such a man was bound to find his vocation in politics, particularly as a member of the Opposition.

If he was nothing more than a political admiral with an irascible temperament he would not have merited another biography; but, as readers of Mr. Hartmann's admirable book on the Forty-Five—*The Quest Forlorn*—will remember, it was Vernon's dispositions which were chiefly responsible for the failure of that rebellion. They do indeed anticipate in a remarkable way the triple line of defence adopted against Napoleon's invasion threats. Moreover, it was Vernon who first suggested the use of the Western Squadron to blockade Brest, the hinge of the naval strategy which enabled us to win the prize of empire in the Second Hundred Years War with France. His originality as a strategical thinker as well as his concern for the health and fair treatment of seamen make him an altogether unusual eighteenth-century admiral.

Mr. Hartmann's book is a very readable and judicious narrative of the public aspects of the admiral's career, but it does not pretend to be a definitive biography of a perplexing personality. He frankly admits that he has used no manuscript material, which is the more regrettable because Vernon's papers are just as easily accessible as are the rarer pamphlets on which he has based his book and they alone could provide the information necessary for a just estimate of this remarkable man. What we should like to know, for example, is whether the letters Vernon printed were as garbled as the Secretary of the Admiralty said they were. Mr. Hartmann makes it clear that he was more than the "simple noisy creature" of Horace Walpole's correspondence, but exactly how much more it is still difficult to say.

CHRISTOPHER LLOYD.

Novels

MAN AND TWO GODS. Jean Morris.
Cassell. 12s. 6d.

LADIES WITH A UNICORN. Monica Stirling.
Gollancz. 10s. 6d.

YOUNG VILLAIN WITH WINGS. Rayne Kruger. *Longmans.* 10s. 6d.

THE DWARF. Par Lagerkvist. *Chatto.* 9s. 6d.

THE END OF A ROAD. Claude Houghton.
Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.

CHRISTMAS AT CANDLESHOE. Michael Innes. *Gollancz.* 9s. 6d.

MAN AND TWO GODS is a first novel, dealing with an important subject, the definition of justice. Miss Morris has taken her text from the *Oresteia* of Aeschylus, in which Orestes is commanded by Apollo to avenge his father by killing his mother and is then hounded by the Furies for obeying.

The scene is a European country called Heliland, which is in a state of chronic tension with its neighbour, Transmontania. Both countries have agreed to a demilitarized frontier-zone, each has violated the agreement by fortifying its own side. When Julian Radæv, a Transmontane military attaché, gets into the Heliland frontier zone, the Heliland military authorities are determined to prevent him from returning to his own country with the information he has acquired. Acting upon instructions, Richard Bering, an officer familiar with the region, follows Radæv and shoots him.

A trial is staged to impress the Transmontane government. The order given to Bering is denied and in spite of the endeavours of his friends and the eloquence of his lawyer, he is condemned.

Then Transmontania invades Heliland. Bering is taken out of prison and becomes a public hero. His country's highest decoration is offered him. But the months of hardship and disgrace have had their effect on him. He refuses to accept the official *volte face*, declines the decoration, and goes back to his beloved mountains to try and work out the dilemma which has ruined him. The Gods are unjust; there is no answer.

The characters of Bering and Bronya von Maas, whom he had come to love

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496 pp., 24 pp. illustrations and frontispiece, 21s. net.

CASSELL

and who had almost come to love him, are very subtly presented. Bering had been a pacifist who had retracted and gone into the Army, but always with spiritual reservations. Bronya von Maas was the daughter of a great scholar who had died in poverty; an incident at a reception where Julian Radæv had suggested that she had concealed a large subscription to the national fund opened in memory of her father, is used by the prosecution at Bering's trial to prove that there was personal animosity between Bering and his victim. Bronya is forcible, efficient and somewhat embittered; she is drawn to Bering and the relation between them is about to flower into love when the tragedy intervenes. All this part of the book is developed with great delicacy and insight and the handling of the trial shows that Miss Morris can, when she wishes, command considerable force. But in her anxiety not to write melodramatically she sometimes falls into writing undramatically,

and her desire to unravel the confused strands which motivate human conduct has the effect, in the end, not of unveiling but of veiling the characters, so that they seem to recede and fall away. The long dialogues between Bering, released from prison but not from the Furies, and Radæv's brother, a character who only plays a minor part at the beginning of the book, seem to me expendable; but this is largely a fault of technique, inevitable in a first novel which essays so much. The book can be wholly commended as something which is all too rare, the adult handling of an eternal predicament in intelligent contemporary terms.

Miss Monica Stirling is a feminine writer in the wholly laudatory sense that one would apply the term to, say, Colette. She nearly always writes of ladies in love, and the word ladies is used deliberately, because however unconventional and warmhearted, they are always well-behaved. There are four women in this book, all very different, all handled with affectionate irony. Françoise, the narrator, is a war-widow who has allowed the pain of her loss to raise a hedge between herself and experience; it takes another blow to throw the hedge down. The other three are an Italian princess, a professional romantic whom Miss Stirling puts over with great skill, the silly, but not unlikeable English wife of a rich Frenchman, and a young girl who has been brought from London to play the chief part in an Italian film. The film is being directed by the famous Anton-Giulio Sarmento, with whom Françoise collaborates, who is a cousin of the Principessa, the hero of *Peggy* and the magician for the little girl from London. There is a lot about film-making, and it is very interesting indeed; there are lovely descriptions of Rome in various moods, and there is a clear-sighted recognition of what it means to be a woman. I thought this a delightful book.

The *Young Villain with Wings* is Thomas Chatterton, the boy poet whose short life had all the essentials of tragedy. If it does not move us as much as it moved the 18th and 19th century romantics, this

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is perhaps because Chatterton's poetry, with its self-imposed limitations from which there was no time to release him, does not communicate to us as poignantly as that of other unfortunates, say John Clare or Rimbaud. One may indeed suspect that success would have revealed Chatterton as a too-competent "literary gent." But the facts of his life are pitiful enough and Mr. Rayne Kruger, whose first novel I missed, has made a moving book out of them. Mr. Kruger has very considerable powers of historical reconstruction, his picture of 18th century Bristol, with the antiquities which fascinated Chatterton and the busy absorption in money-making which had no ear for him, is brilliant. The author has pieced the fragments known of Chatterton's life into a coherent and dramatic story; more difficult still, he makes us feel that Chatterton was real and a real poet. As his childish certainty of genius develops into the vanity of adolescence, as the desire to impress pushes him from one harmless deception to another, as hopes are raised and dashed, we see his stability decline until disease completes what hardship and disappointment had begun. Undoubtedly Mr. Kruger makes us spare a tear for Chatterton; from this reviewer he exacted a greater tribute, for the first time in very many years I turned back to his poetry.

Par Lagerkvist's *The Dwarf* is a *conte* of great intensity, and we are told that many consider it the famous Swedish novelist's masterpiece. The Dwarf tells the story; he is a malignant little creature whose abnormality makes him loathe the normal manifestations of life. In the small Court of the Italian Renaissance prince who is his master, he sets into motion machinery for intrigue, disgrace and murder, out of pure hatred and malice, convinced all the time of his superior wisdom and higher morality. He is perhaps intended as an incarnation of Evil, and the writer has certainly succeeded in his presentation both of the creature and the world upon which he was able to prey. Even in translation it is obvious that it is admirably written, but its extreme

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JOHN MURRAY

THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

economy and the limitations of the creature's outlook also limit its effect. It is sinister and powerful, but it does not seem to me to be profound.

Claude Houghton must by now be very tired of reviewers who mention *I am Jonathan Scrivener*, but the brilliance of this, his first novel, always seems to dim the merits of his later books. He always starts with a good idea: in *The End of a Road* that the violence done to a man's character by his refusal to follow his natural bent will in the end destroy him, no matter how successful he may be. Mr. Houghton can keep a story going by sheer inventiveness and variety of incident long after the exploration of the original idea is side-tracked; he does it again in *The End of a Road*. The trouble with the book is that since we are only shown Basil Ashe when he has become a hardened, insensitive tycoon, it is difficult to believe that he could ever have been anything else, while for his wife Sara, presented as

the victim of this malformation, I could feel no sympathy at all. Sara struck me as being very much tougher than her husband and I felt that in any clash of wills she would win, keeping, of course, the diamonds and the mink coats which she has spiritually rejected—as, of course, she does. In between whiles she sees a bit of low life, eats steak and kidney pie in a workman's "caff", and is taken around by a racketeer who calls her "Orchid," before being re-united to the artist she had loved as a young girl. It left me still mourning Jonathan Scrivener.

Michael Innes obviously wrote *Christmas at Candleshoe* to please himself, and it is indeed a great lark even if it doesn't add up to a story, much less a detective story. It opens with one of the nicest descriptions of a peer showing his half-a-crown-a-head visitors round the ancestral home before it retreats into a fantasy peopled with old ladies for whom time has stood still, eccentric clergymen and boys in fancy dress who shoot arrows at unwanted visitors. I found all this rather fatiguing, in spite of incidental wit and erudition, but I cheered up when it became clear that somebody had substituted worthless copies for his lordship's Titians. Now, I thought, we are on *terra firma*, but I was wrong; marsh lights from Candleshoe kept luring the author into all kinds of strange places and in the end, I'm afraid I gave it up. Not, however, before I had found out what happened to the Titians.

RUBY MILLAR.

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MESSRS. FABER & FABER have just brought off an unusual publishing "Double." Almost simultaneously they issued two books by brothers, each one excellent in its own kind. Mr. Gerald M. Durrell's *The Overloaded Ark* (15s.) gives a diverting account of collecting wild animals in the British Cameroons. They include the Angwantibo, the Black-

BOOKS IN BRIEF

legged Mongoose, and the Potomogale. Mr. Lawrence Durrell's *Reflections on a Marine Venus* (25s.) is described as a companion to the landscape of Rhodes. It is well written, informative, discursive, and altogether charming.

* * *

Deliberately ignoring the two full-length contemporary biographies of William Godwin, Miss Rosalie Glynn Grylls sets out to show him in relation to the world of his time and to trace something of his influence on political thought in *William Godwin and his World* (Odhams, 21s.). She has a detailed knowledge of the period and her lively survey of the talents and achievements of a versatile and now largely neglected author and philosopher is a timely addition to the books on this subject.

* * *

The second volume of the late Luigi Albertini's *The Origins of the War of 1914* (Geoffrey Cumberlege, O.U.P., 63s.), translated and edited by Dr. Isabella M. Massey, opens with a detailed examination of the facts relating to the assassination of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand. The events during July, 1914, are carefully traced up to the Austro-Hungarian general mobilization at the end of the month.

It is a unique record, and Albertini's marshalling of a vast mass of complex detail is masterly. His judgments are generally sound and sometimes penetrating.

* * *

Sigmund Freud has become one of the most controversial figures of our times. Various "popular" books have been written about him and his work. The Hogarth Press now presents the first instalment of a three volume biography, *Sigmund Freud: Life and Work*. It is entitled *The Young Freud, 1856-1900* (27s. 6d.) and is the work of Dr. Ernest Jones, Honorary President of the International Psycho-Analytical Association,

and the only survivor of a small circle of co-workers in constant intimate touch with Freud. With the aid of the family Dr. Jones has laid the foundations of what promises to be a full and detailed account of the change and development of Freud's teaching based on an accurate knowledge of his own life.

* * *

The friendship of W. B. Yeats and Katharine Tynan began in 1885, when he was twenty and she was four years older. They corresponded regularly for seven years and *Letters of W. B. Yeats to Katharine Tynan* (Clonmore and Reynolds, 18s.) throws considerable light on the most formative years of his life. Yeats was not among the great letter writers, but his correspondence is full of interesting theories and individual comments on people and places. Mr. Roger McHugh has done the editorial work neatly and sensibly.

* * *

Mr. Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald's love of nature and his wide knowledge of human nature fit him well to write a Life of Borrow. His *Gypsy Borrow* (Dobson, 15s.) is straightforward and entirely readable, but I do not find that Mr. Fitzgerald has been able to substantiate his claim that Borrow was a full-blooded gypsy. Borrow would not have kept silent about it if he had been.

* * *

That indefatigable explorer of rivers, Mr. Robert Gibbings, sets down his latest adventures in *Coming Down the Seine* (Dent, 18s.). The wood engravings are as lovely as ever, and in his inimitable prose the author describes his feelings, thoughts, encounters, and anything else that happens to pop into his lively mind. His books are among the best to be found in the travel literature of the century.

* * *

THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

Lord Tweedsmuir flits blithely about the world in *Always a Countryman* (Hale, 21s.). Although he has been a deck-hand on an Iceland trawler, a District Officer in Africa, a fur trader with the Hudson's Bay Company, a soldier in the Canadian Army, a publisher, and various other things, the author insists that he is primarily a countryman. A most companionable, friendly book.

* * *

For her latest volume of autobiography, from 1933 to 1939, Miss Freya Stark has adopted her previous system of alternating letters from the past with her present-day impressions. *The Coast of Incense* (Murray, 25s.) deals mainly with South Arabia, a country very near to the author's heart, but it is rich in memories and an unconquerable vitality that informs everything Miss Stark writes and does. She is a writer of high accomplishment, a woman of indomitable courage.

* * *

The fourteenth edition of Mr. W. G. McMinnies's *Signpost* (Simpkin Marshall, 10s. 6d.), an independent guide to pleasant ports of call in Britain and the Channel Isles, is the result of over 200,000 miles of travel in search of hotels and restaurants which will appeal to civilized people. I have tested many of the author's recommendations and he has never let me down.

* * *

There are innumerable books about Chess. In his *The Human Side of Chess* (Faber, 18s.) Mr. Fred Reinfeld gives the first definitive account of the great masters of the game, and attempts to answer the difficult question, Is there a Chess mind? By way of answer he analyses the personalities of Anderssen, Morphy, Steinitz, Lasker, Capablanca, Alekhine, and Euwe, in addition to describing a number of their games.

* * *

Famous Plays of To-day (Gollancz, 12s. 6d.) contains *Dragon's Mouth*, *The Deep Blue Sea*, *Waters of the Moon* and *Dial M for Murder*. Varying widely in literary merit, their one common denominator is stage success. An interesting selection.

* * *

Colonel Williams' *Elephant Bill* will be read for years and he cannot have found it easy to write a successor to it. Wisely, he has taken random experiences from his life and given them the unifying title of *Bandoola* (Hart-Davis, 15s.). This is the name of the most magnificent elephant the author ever met. Colonel Williams writes modestly and well about his own exploits, and about the people and animals of the Burmese jungle. To readers of *Elephant Bill*, *Bandoola* will need no recommendation. I found it enthralling.

* * *

Someone once called Mrs. Robert Henrey "professionally feminine." *Madeleine's Journal* (Dent, 16s.) is based on her contemporary diary and she passes easily between her two homes, a Normandy farm and a flat in Shepherd Market. She seems to me to be at her happiest when she is writing about French people and their way of life, as in a remarkable evocation of a Boulogne weekend.

* * *

A happy experiment in co-partnership and profit-sharing is commemorated in *Shoemenders* (Allen & Unwin, 9s. 6d.) by Edith Ryley Richards. The author, who has no specialist knowledge, is convinced that Mr. Payne, who was responsible for it, has found the solution to many of the problems of industrial management. This little book deserves careful study.

* * *

Soviet Documents on Foreign Policy: Volume III, 1933-1941 (Geoffrey Cumberlege, O.U.P., 42s.) deals with the period

from the end of the first five-year plan and Hitler's accession to the German invasion of Russia. Ably selected and edited by Miss Jane Degras they provide information essential to the study of foreign affairs during the pre-war years.

* * *

To all lovers of cricket and especially to admirers of Yorkshire's version of the game, *Cricket My Pleasure* (Museum Press, 12s. 6d.) by A. A. Thomson, may be recommended. It is full of infectious enthusiasm and salty anecdotes.

* * *

Lady Vyvyan's *The Scilly Isles* (Hale, 18s.) is a welcome addition to the "Regional Books." It gives a comprehensive and readable account of these Atlantic outposts written by an authority. It has been badly needed.

* * *

Just in time for inclusion here comes *An Elizabethan Garland* (Macmillan, 15s.) by A. L. Rowse. It comprises a collection of essays, scholarly but always easy to read, about matters concerning the reigns of the two Elizabeths. A most timely publication for Coronation year.

* * *

Speeches (Deutsch, 12s. 6d.), by Adlai E. Stevenson, contains many of the public utterances of the writer during the Presidential campaign and before it. Mr. Stevenson has the platform gift to perfection. He is also a warm-hearted and generous-minded man who notes with pleasure that he can see many evidences of political maturity and discernment in America. He believes that the great political parties and their spokesmen must assume responsibility for "educating and guiding the people with constant candor." An admirable and enlightened policy.

* * *

The Fou and His 100 Wives (Gollancz, 16s.) by Rebecca Reyher is a lively account of contemporary polygamy as practised in Africa to-day. It rings true.

E. G.



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A Biography
VINCENT BROME

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STAND 148

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MOTORING PROSPECTS FOR 1954

NEW MODELS AT EARL'S COURT

by THE EARL OF CARDIGAN

ONE forecast which can safely be made as to the forthcoming Motor Show at Earl's Court is that it will provide more novelty than we have seen for several years past. It will be recalled that all the motor manufacturers produced new models during the year or two immediately after the war, and—the costs of "tooling up" a factory being what they now are—no manufacturer was inclined to make any

major changes for several years thereafter. This resulted in one or two post-war Motor Shows being, quite frankly, rather dull.

It looks as if we are now entering upon a new phase. A certain number of the original post-war models are still selling so well that they will be continued for a year or two longer. A good many firms, however, have it in mind to launch out



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VEHICLE MANUFACTURERS TO
THE KING AND QUEEN AND
THEIR MAJESTIES THE PRINCE OF
WALES AND THE DUCHESS OF
KENT

MOTORING PROSPECTS FOR 1954



THE SUNBEAM "ALPINE."

again in new directions, and thus the visitor to Earl's Court will not have to look far in order to find cars that are either wholly new or drastically re-designed.

The shockingly high price of petrol will no doubt focus special attention upon the smaller cars—and thus it is at a highly propitious moment that the new Standard *Eight* makes its appearance. The four-cylinder engine has a capacity of just over 800 c.c. and, with a four-speed gearbox, is said to give the car a speed of more than 60 m.p.h. There are many excellent chassis features ; but I believe that the public may be most struck by the ingenuity of the coachwork. The normal-looking back seat of the saloon model can be folded completely away, and thus the car can be used, when desired, as a two-seater with immense luggage capacity. This makes a great deal of sense.

Improved coachwork is the main feature also of the 1954 Standard *Vanguard*, whereby the appearance of this 2-litre model is rendered much more attractive than before. The chassis has also undergone improvement, but its main characteristics are unchanged.

Amongst cars manufactured by the Rootes group of companies, the established favourites are being retained ; but there is also an attractive new model known as the Sunbeam *Alpine*. This has been developed as a result of competition experience in Continental rallies with the successful Sunbeam-Talbot "90." The engine of the *Alpine* is of higher efficiency ; there is a close-ratio gearbox and a choice of two alternative rear axle ratios. The result is a very lively and fast car, for which appropriate coachwork has been designed. There is, for instance, an open model with a hood that folds away into a space behind the seats where it is completely flush with the sleek and smooth lines of the body.

This car does not supersede the Sunbeam-Talbot "90," which is being continued, as is also that popular small "family" car, the Hillman *Minx*. The big six-cylinder *Humber*s have been subjected to little change—and indeed they fulfil an obvious need, providing a high degree of spaciousness, power and luxury without rising to the astronomical prices which one has to pay for some cars in the luxury class. The

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MOTORING PROSPECTS FOR 1954

Snipe, incidentally, is a really fast car which will exceed 90 m.p.h.

Finally there is the *Hawk*, which is the medium-sized Humber model. This car belongs to a type which has, rightly I think, gained much in popularity since the war, having a four-cylinder engine of substantial size. Modern four-cylinder engines are so smooth that, with their greater simplicity and greater relative power, they have ousted the "small sixes" of the pre-war years.

Turning to the Nuffield group, there will be new models to see on the M.G. and Riley stands, of which full details, as I write, are not yet to hand. I can say, however, that there will henceforth be two Rileys, one of 1½ and one of 2½ litres, the larger of these being known as the *Pathfinder*. Similarly, there will be new versions of the M.G. *Magnette* and the popular *Midget*.

On the Morris stand, there will be cars

of three main types, including the *Minor* which has fairly recently been re-equipped with a new and livelier engine. This little car always had a fair turn of speed; but now, with an 800 c.c. engine of the O.H.V. type and a lower axle ratio, it is notable also for its brisk acceleration. Like all Morris, it has independent front springing by means of torsion bars.

The medium-powered Morris *Oxford* is being continued, this car having a four-cylinder side-valve engine of 1,476 c.c. It will be shown in saloon form; but on the same chassis, a "station wagon" type of body is also supplied, this being known as the Morris Traveller's Car. Finally there is the "Six" with overhead-valve engine, this being a comfortable and substantial car of 2,214 c.c.

On the Wolseley stand will be two familiar models, the "Four-Fortyfour" and the "Six-Eighty," the latter figure in each case indicating the power developed.



THE HUMBER "HAWK."



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DUNLOP FORT

In a Class by Itself

MOTORING PROSPECTS FOR 1954



THE FORD "ANGLIA."

Both these are decidedly handsome cars, having overhead-valve engines. An interesting point is that the "Six" has an overhead camshaft and twin S.U. carburettors, thus being rather more advanced in design than the "Four." In both, the coachwork reaches a high standard of luxury.

The Ford stand will be well worth a visit this year, for both the smaller cars in the Ford range, the *Anglia* and the *Prefect*, have been re-designed. They will differ in equipment and coachwork detail, but both will be powered by a new engine of 1,172 c.c. which will develop, at maximum "revs," as much as 36 h.p. Both will have independent front springing.

Both cars are sure to catch the eye; for outwardly they have been completely transformed, the style now adopted being very close to that of the larger *Consul* and *Zephyr* models. The result is to make the two small Fords distinctly handsome little cars—and indeed the word "little" is perhaps misplaced, for they are full four-

seaters, with no lack of luggage space.

The Rover Company is showing great originality this year; for having found a chassis and a style of coachwork which the public likes, the makers are concentrating on this single type. It has been noted, however, that some Rover owners would welcome a little more power, while there are others who want more economy, and others again who consider that the original "75" engine was exactly right.

It is seldom possible to please everyone; but the Rover people have set out to do so. For the first type, they will fit a new six-cylinder 2.6 litre engine, to be known as the "90," giving the car a remarkable road performance. For the economists, there will be a four-cylinder 2-litre engine, to be known as the "60," while for the average motorist the familiar and successful six-cylinder "75" will be continued.

Improved versions of the Land Rover will also be shown, including a Pick-up Truck on Land Rover chassis. Unlike other firms, which are being exceedingly

Thank goodness for a warm car!

Bill and Molly have had a few friends in to watch TV. The Wrights have stayed late, and got drowsy in front of the fire. Time to go; Mr. W.'s left his overcoat at

home. And whew! How bleak the night air feels! Quick! Into the car, and on with the Smiths car heater! Thank goodness for a warm car!



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SMITHS CAR HEATERS

one of SMITHS accessories

for better motoring

MOTORING PROSPECTS FOR 1954

shy this year of announcing their prices, Rovers say plainly that their cars will cost, with Purchase Tax, from £1,162 15s. 10d. for that with the "60" engine to £1,297 7s. 6d. for that with the "90." The Land Rover models (apart from the Station Wagon) are free of Purchase Tax, and so can be sold at prices ranging around £600.

Turning now to what may be termed an enthusiast's car, the Bristol stand is likely to attract more than ordinary interest this year. Two main types of car will be shown, namely the 2-litre "403" model and the high-performance "404." Of these, the "403" is a logical development of the "401," which was reviewed in these pages some eighteen months ago. The general appearance of the car remains unchanged, which is no more than reasonable—for here is a streamline form which has a real meaning, and which really does add to the car's efficiency at speed, as opposed to the "nonsense" streamlining which has been all too often seen since motor manufacturers became half-educated in the matter of aerodynamics.

The latest "403" has an engine of increased power, and a vital improvement, in a car of such high road performance, is that the brakes also have been re-designed. The latest model, the "404," has a short wheelbase, an increased compression ratio, and consequently develops as much as 105 brake horsepower. Rather oddly, the conventional Bristol radiator shell is retained for the "403" but abandoned for the "404." Although such changes have been common since the war, one cannot help wondering what the public's reaction is likely to be. If one is building a car of which one has cause to be proud, should it not have a radiator shell which all the world can recognize?

This topic causes one's mind to turn to the Rolls Royce—and there are grounds for thinking that there will be something new on the Rolls Royce stand this year. Another car which, although it has changed much in recent years, has never wholly abandoned the radiator design adopted in Edwardian times is the Vauxhall. There have been rumours of a new Vauxhall for



THE BRISTOL "403."

THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

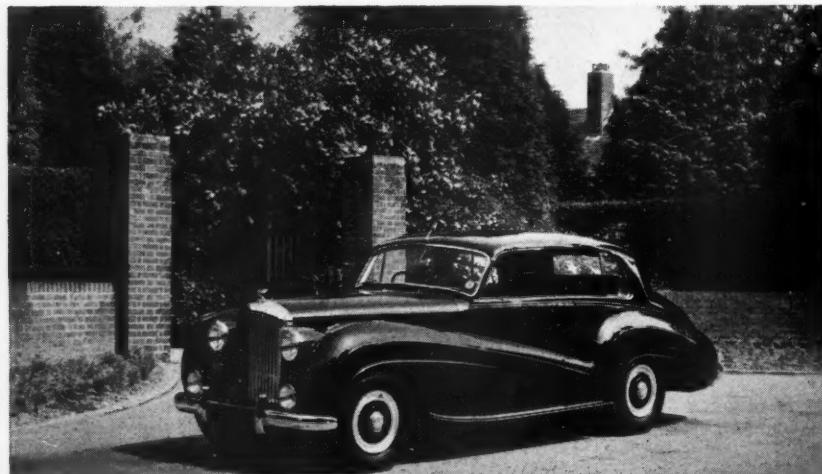
1954 ; but I am authorized to state that such rumours are baseless, and that the Vauxhall model which has proved so successful during the past twelve months is being continued.

The same is true of the Armstrong Siddeley, which will appear at Earl's Court with no changes except in matters of detail. The Daimler exhibits also will include no last-minute novelty—although it will be recalled that a new Daimler appeared no longer ago than last May. This was the six-cylinder *Conquest* model, with an O.H.V. engine developing 75 h.p. and the now familiar Daimler transmission, which combines a pre-selector gearbox with a fluid flywheel (more accurately, a fluid clutch), whereby it is impossible to stall the engine inadvertently.

These and other cars will, of course, steal most of the limelight at the Motor

Show, yet visitors to Earl's Court will be missing something if they do not also visit the numerous stands of those who make accessories for the motor industry. For example, probably no more vital part of a car is more commonly taken for granted than its set of sparking-plugs ; yet plugs are by no means all alike, nor are they lacking in interest, as the K.L.G. stand will show. Public-spirited motorists are now a good deal concerned to suppress the interference of their engines with other people's television sets—and not all suppressors are equally good. (I myself have had much trouble to prevent such devices causing my car to run unevenly at low speeds.) Much interest therefore attaches to a K.L.G. sparking-plug which incorporates the suppressor or "resistor" within the body of the plug itself.

Turning to accessories of a more general



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MOTORING PROSPECTS FOR 1954



BENTLEY FOUR DOOR SPORTS SALOON.

sort, Smiths of Cricklewood always have a most attractive display. In particular, they provide means for the motorist who cannot afford a 1954 model to add to his old car a few "extras" by which it may attain to an almost modern level of comfort. It has always seemed to me that the greatest post-war advance in this direction is represented by the car heater, with which even light cars are now being equipped. Although Smiths will have a great deal else to show, I would suggest that their car heaters are particularly worth consideration.

Opinions may differ a good deal as to how far a radio set may qualify as an essential fitting to a motor car. Certainly a good many drivers have come to appreciate it as a companion on a long run—and, after all, it should be no more distracting than a conversational passenger, and perhaps more entertaining than some of that ilk! The firm which makes a speciality of car radios is Radiomobile, and they will be exhibiting not only a variety of sets, but also a number of different types of aerial, some cleverly designed to give way when touching an obstruction such as the

top of the garage door.

The stands of the motor tyre manufacturers are also of great interest; I might mention in particular the products of the Dunlop Tyre Company. In short, the experienced Motor Show visitor, having looked at the cars, will not fail to allow himself good time to examine all the interesting accessories.

There is another source of interest which I can suggest to motorists of the reflective type—namely, to try to spot the new cars which are likely to benefit this country in the export field. It seems to me that these must fall into two quite distinct categories. For sale to countries where there is a natural predisposition to "buy British," the need is for high-powered cars of comfortable dimensions, which can directly compete with the typical product of the American motor industry. We have a few cars which are of this sort, but not as many as we might have, since some of our manufacturers have been bitten by what I would term the bogus-streamlining bug, which causes them to be stingy of space at the back, and to insist upon a sloping roof line so that the rear

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passengers cannot wear hats. This may be a small point, but it is an annoying one.

When it is a question, however, of selling directly to the Americans, it seems to me that there cannot be much attraction in an Americanized English car—and this is borne out by the success which has been enjoyed by one or two cars of an almost aggressively English type. A car such as, for instance, the M.G. is wholly different from what the Americans themselves are accustomed to build. Therefore it is novel; it draws attention and it creates a little market of its own. We are fortunate in still having a number of cars of this description, and indeed the Sunbeam *Alpine* which I have mentioned earlier may add one more to their number. If we can build them at the right price, and stick to the conception of offering the American motorist something distinctive and "different," it is to be hoped that

these very English sports models will play an ever larger part in earning for us the dollars on which prosperity depends. It will be highly satisfactory to home enthusiasts if this proves to be the case.

CARDIGAN.

RECORD REVIEW

By ALEC ROBERTSON

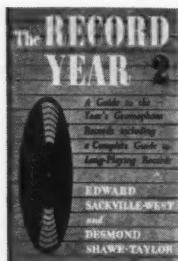
GRAMOPHONE companies have a good many problems and difficulties to face in the making and issue of records about which a reviewer, especially if he has some knowledge of these, should be sympathetic; but the quality of the records issued is disturbingly variable, and though this may not always be the case, it is particularly serious when the public have to find a large amount of money in building up a library of L.P. discs from—I had better not write scratch!—zero. I do not suggest that advantage is being taken of the astonishing number of golden eggs the geese are laying at present, but they are not battery animals and they may go on strike. These reflections are prompted by one or two of this month's issues: in particular by a very poor performance of some Delius (Capitol) and a bad recording of some Rossini Overtures (Columbia), that is, by an artistic and by a mechanical failure. One wonders who allows such discs to pass for issue.

With that grumble over there is certainly a lot to welcome and admire this month, so let us proceed.

Orchestral

There are enough good performances of the Beethoven Symphonies and Concertos on the L.P. catalogues now to challenge successors but, on balance, Beecham's *Pastoral*, with the R.P.O. (Columbia 33CX1062) is as good as Kleiber's on Decca LXT2587, and better recorded, and preferable to Steinberg's on Capitol CTL 7023, but less well recorded. So there you are! I have such a bias towards Solomon that I liked his lovely perform-

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BLP 1029

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Record Review

ance of Beethoven's B flat Concerto (No. 2) with the Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by André Cluytens (H.M.V. BLP1024) better than the one by Backhaus (Decca LX3083), admirable though that was. Dvorák's only piano concerto, in G minor, is a novelty so far as the English catalogues go, and though the piano part is comically ineffective there is a certain amount of the composer's melodic charm in it, and it is excellently played and recorded (Friedrich Wührer (piano) with the Vienna Symphony Orchestra conducted by Rudolf Moralt: Vox PL7630). The Orchestre National de la Radiodiffusion Française, conducted by Cluytens, give a fine performance of the Franck Symphony on Columbia 33CX1064 which can unhesitatingly be recommended to those who like the work and is better recorded than its rivals.

It is to be hoped that Sir Thomas Beecham's wholly delightful performance, with the R.P.O., of Goldmark's *Rustic Wedding Symphony* (Columbia CX1067) may draw attention to other works by this melodious and musicianly composer. There are five movements, two of them dance-like in character, and the work is fresh and charming throughout. Beecham has also recorded, with the same orchestra, on Columbia LX1587, Mozart's jolly *Haffner March* (K249) and the *German Dance* (K605) that ends with the first trumpet seeming to bid everyone good-night. I recall the conductor's affectionate delight in the music when I last heard him play it. This is a "78" well worth having. Also recommended: Rubbra's E^{flat} Symphony Halle/Barbirolli (a transfer of the 78's), H.M.V. BLP1021; Strauss's posthumous Symphony for Wind Instruments, Karl Haas Baroque Ensemble, Parlophone PMA1006 (for lovers of this medium); Wagner's Rhine Journey, Siegfried's Funeral March, Prelude and Liebestod from *Tristan*, Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra/Steinberg, Capitol CTL 7035.

Chamber Music

The Budapest String Quartet give us two glorious Haydn quartets, "The Lark," Op. 64, No. 5, and "Sunrise," Op. 76,

Record Review

No. 4, both of which are beautifully played and well recorded. The slow movement of the "Sunrise" is ineffably lovely (Columbia 33CX1061).

Instrumental

It is a great month for Schubert. Grete Scherzer plays some of the *German Dances*, Op. 33, and *Waltzes*, Op. 9, with the rare quality of charm, on Parlophone R3717; Edwin Fischer completes his loving performances of *Moments Musicaux* on H.M.V. DB21578, and Clifford Curzon plays, with exquisite artistry and insight, the *Four Impromptus*, Op. 142 (Decca LXT2781). In all these the piano tone is excellent. They are indeed sheer joy. Andrés Segovia, prince of guitar players, has recorded a recital of Spanish, Italian, and German music on Brunswick AXTL 1010. I liked best a *Suite* by Visée (guitarist to Louis XIV), Falla's memorial piece to Debussy and the poetic Villa-Lobos *Study*, but the whole affair, except perhaps the rather dull Handel transcriptions, is enchanting, and of course the instrument records superbly.

Song

Two bewitching Spanish folk-songs to add to one's collection of Victoria de los Angeles discs (H.M.V. DA2046), and, for the rest, two splendid Schubert issues. Fischer-Dieskau and Gerald Moore give thrilling performances of *Am Meer* and *Der Doppelgänger*, the last one of the finest pieces of dramatic singing I have ever heard, on H.M.V. DB21586; and Elizabeth Schwarzkopf and Edwin Fischer present a *Lieder* recital on Columbia 33CX1040 that, with one exception, is a great artistic success. The exception is *Die Junge Nonne* which gives the impression that neither artist has quite reached the heart of the song. Outstanding in this well, but not superlatively well, recorded recital are *An die Musik*, *Im Frühling*, *Gretchen am Spinnrade*, *An Sylvia*, *Nachtviolen*, and *Der Musensohn*. There is something very touching in this collaboration of two fine artists of different generations.

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